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THE NECESSITY OF FREEDOM
Douglas Jerrold

THE HOUSE OF LORDS
Viscount Swinton

DEMOCRACY
W. S. Morrison, M.P.

PARLIAMENTARY CONTROL OF THE NATIONALIZED INDUSTRIES
John Boyd-Carpenter, M.P.

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Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

CONTENTS NOVEMBER 1948

Commentary PAGE

THE NECESSITY OF FREEDOM
DOUGLAS JERROLD 149

THE HOUSE OF LORDS
THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT SWINTON, G.B.E., C.H., M.C. 155

FOUR TRAVELLERS OF THE PAST
SIR CHARLES PETRIE, Bt. 161

DEMOCRACY
THE RT. HON. W. S. MORRISON, M.C., K.C., M.P. 170

THE OLD BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS
COLONEL M. H. GRANT 176

PARLIAMENTARY CONTROL OF THE NATIONALIZED INDUSTRIES
JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER, M.P. 184

Sonnet PAGE

ON THE DIVINE POETS, HERBERT AND CRASHAW
CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL 187

NOTES FROM OVERSEAS
HUGH MOLSON, M.P. 188

Theatre

THREE FILMS AND A CLASSIC
HUBERT GRIFFITH 190

ROMANCE AND THE DEVIL
SEAN O'FAOLAIN 193

Literature and Criticism

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WAR MEMOIRS
HUGH KINGSMILL 197

THE NOTEBOOKS OF HENRY JAMES
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE 200

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NOVEMBER COMMENTARY

THE NECESSITY OF FREEDOM

IN this country we still remain essentially free, but we remain free for one reason only, because non-nationalized employments are still in an overwhelming majority. We can still go into business on our own account; we can still—most of us—live where we like and choose our occupations and our employers. Above all we can leave them when we like. Even in the two great nationalized professions there are still teachers and doctors who are free of state control. You can still work in, or operate or direct, private road transport and flying services. Unless a man wishes to be a soldier or to carry or distribute the King's mails or enter the telegraph service, he can indulge his choice without becoming a government servant.

This is all important. It affects the whole colour and character of our society. The margin between the freedom which is still the dominant pattern in our society and the slavery which threatens us is, however, a narrow one. Take away the C. licences and nationalize the hire services and no private citizen will be able to use the roads to carry goods or passengers. Nationalize the merchant marine and the air charter services and no private citizen will be able to sail the seas in a British ship or operate air transport. All movement by sea, land and air will be controlled by officials. Further, let us nationalize agriculture, banking, insurance, the heavy industries and the textile industries—which could easily be done within the life of one Parliament if the powers of the House of Lords are curtailed—and the majority of free men would become a minority. The free way of life would no longer be a choice open to us all.

WE must not be confused by the argument that a civil servant to-day is quite free and that therefore under nationalization everyone would be equally free. The civil servant is free because he can walk out. Vast though our civil service is there is an even vaster field of employment outside, and the competition between the two for the best brains determines not only the conditions of employment and remuneration but the standard of efficiency. Good men must be given a chance in the civil service else they leave. Assuming that we nationalize the additional industries mentioned above, the position will be precisely

reversed. A clear majority of the people will not be able to leave government service and will, in fact, have to accept whatever conditions the government offers them. The state servant, forced to take his holiday when he is told to do so, unable to stay away from work without permission of the state doctor, will also be unable effectively to say what he likes about the government, his only possible employer. No doubt he will be told that he can, but will his prospects be improved if he does?

THE pursuit of freedom has been the exceptional and, indeed, unique occupation of the peoples enjoying what it is useful as well as fashionable to call Western Civilization—the only civilization so far known which has been able to combine progress with order, efficiency with freedom, freedom with justice. This achievement has necessitated all through history a continuous series of adjustments. The nation state itself—the characteristic Western society—is itself a delicate and subtle compromise between the claims of race and the need for government. The separation of church and state—another unique Western development, which has been a great—perhaps the greatest—bulwark of freedom has been the cause of constant disputes from the days of the Holy Roman Empire down to our own times. Finally, the basic institution of the whole group of Western societies, the economically independent family, has had throughout history to fight hard and continuously for its rights, which the state, in the interests of order and efficiency—what Mr. Herbert Morrison calls "tidy administration"—is always seeking to curtail.

For these reasons Western Civilization has been continuously in a state of tension but it is out of that state of tension that all that is great and unique in Western Civilization has developed—its individuality, its moral energy, its enthusiasm and its capacity for free initiative.

Now we are told that it is time to bring this great experiment in living to an end —that, after all, the price of freedom has proved too high, the dangers too great. Security, we are told, is the greater good and in order to guarantee security to the common man we shall, if we are prudent, give up our freedom.

The attention of the Socialists and other fellow travellers who argue thus is concentrated on the abolition of poverty, insecurity and inequality, and on combining as much consumption for everyone with as much leisure as is possible. This, they frankly admit, means the extension of control to every human activity. The Socialist case is and has always been that a guaranteed ration, a guaranteed week and guaranteed maintenance from the cradle to the grave is an end so desirable that the complete loss of economic freedom is trifling by comparison. In other words, for the first time in English history, the largest party in the state is definitely committed to a policy which rests on the explicit conviction that freedom is not worth while.

The Socialist defence is that men will still be able to vote under Socialism. But we should not be reassured by this affirmation of the labour faith in freedom, because it is in fact only an affirmation of their total ignorance of the nature of freedom. Man desires to be free—not merely free to talk or to vote. He needs to be a free moral agent which requires freedom of choice in all matters at all times, not merely in respect of two alternative governments every five years. The differ-

ences between being a free moral agent and not being one are innumerable: the best instance is the difference between being a soldier in war-time and being a professional man in peace-time. The soldier has, quite literally, contracted out of his moral responsibility. He must accept without comment all orders given him so long as they conform to the laws of war. He entered his employment by compulsion and he cannot leave it. Neither his time nor his voice nor his life is his own. His family responsibilities are taken over by the state. The state is already claiming to extend many of these tyrannies to those in civilian employment in peace-time but in practice it has not been able to do so. The tradition of freedom is still a little too strong and there are too many avenues for self-employment, but it is to be noted that the self-employed man is already under official suspicion as a spiv.

IT was the disastrous unemployment of the 20's and early 30's which presented such a great opportunity to those who proclaimed that the price of freedom was altogether too high and that no price, on the other hand, was too high to pay for security and a guaranteed standard of life. The terrible legacy of the catastrophic unemployment of the inter-war years and of the failure of all parties to deal with it produced a very widespread conviction that freedom was on the whole not worth while.

We have to remind the electorate that without a great measure of freedom, all guarantees of security will infallibly break down. All well-being is in fact the product of an essential social virtue, the readiness to sacrifice present enjoyment for the future benefit of security. The sacrifice in its most obvious form is the sacrifice of money which could have been spent on consumer goods for the purpose of creating capital assets. But the professional man who builds up a good practice as a doctor, an architect, a scientific worker or a scholar, has, as a young man, made equivalent sacrifices of time and energy. And without all these sacrifices social, economic and scientific progress are impossible. But you will never get the sacrifices necessary in a society in which no one is a free moral agent, because you cannot get virtue without character and character is not developed among slaves.

The Socialist, of course, realizes the problem but he is unwilling to pay the price for progress which all other societies have paid. Equality and security being his goal, he must deny to all individuals the right to get out of the queue, to be the architects of their own fortunes. So he devises a system under which present economic advantage is broadly unrelated to personal effort but derives from political action by the group. In this way the Socialist hopes to win, by political effort, advantages for his constituents which heretofore they have had to win for themselves by personal effort, and to get out of group loyalty the advantages which free societies have obtained out of the virtue of the free individual.

IT is at this point in the argument we can see clearly the reasons for the tragic fate which has in fact overtaken all modern societies which have sacrificed economic freedom in the vain search for Utopia. Firstly, for the ordinary incentive to personal effort, the socialized state substitutes a strong and positive dis-incentive. If the individual can only expect to improve his personal position by political group action the most intelligent and active minded of the potential

producers will devote themselves not to production but to political agitation. The less active and energetic will become blind followers of the political bosses, whose success in the struggle for power they are taught to regard as their own only hope for a fuller life. Secondly, since it is nothing but plain lies that men can improve their economic status by political action, or by any other method, for that matter, than by producing more goods available for consumption or exchange at competitive prices, the unrestricted political power, which the deluded many are induced to give to the politically minded few, is inevitably used to substitute for the normal incentives of the free economy the one and only incentive known to the socialized state and that is the fear of the police. Thirdly, there develops out of this concentration on politics, an intense internecine struggle for power among the energetic and ambitious with all the familiar accompaniments of purges, judicial murders, plain assassinations and gang warfare, all carried out in the frenzied search for that freedom of initiative, that personal independence, that opportunity for self-assertion which the free society allows to all but which the socialist or totalitarian society allows only to the political bosses.

Fourthly, just as, in the totalitarian world, the individual can only attain freedom by becoming a political boss, so the totalitarian state itself can only attain freedom of action by reaching out for world dominion. The free society can expand without political consequence. British capital yesterday and American capital to-day is invested in all the countries of the world. But the totalitarian, planned, socialist society can only expand by conquest. No country will willingly allow a foreign government to own its railways, its docks, its light and power plants.

IN short, under a system where politics are the only medium of self-expression there will always and necessarily be political unrest and under a system where conquest is the only instrument of national expansion there will always be war.

LEFT-WING opponents of totalitarianism admit much of this, and counter it, both in this country and France, by the doctrine of the "Third Force"—the claim, that is, that the Parliamentary system of government will safeguard freedom in the socialized state.

The answer to this is simple. What makes the vote of value to-day is that the voters hold the paystrings. If a majority hostile to the government is elected that government must go because it has to go to the voters' representatives for the power to tax them and without that power it cannot continue in office. Under socialism, however, the wealth of the country will already belong to the government. There will be no power of the purse because instead of the politicians having to go to the people for money to carry on their business of government, the people will have to go cap in hand to the politicians for their livelihood. Votes in Parliament will become as in Hitler's Reichstag or Stalin's supreme Soviet—mere expressions of opinion which governments can and will ignore. This state of affairs will begin to come about as soon as land and any substantial portion of productive industry is nationalized—in other words, after the next election if the Socialists win it.

But a more deadly threat to that political freedom which the advocates of the third force profess to preserve is offered by that closing of the country to foreign investment which will automatically follow on a second socialist victory. No debtor country can adopt socialism without enslaving itself to the Russian closed-economy, because it automatically cuts itself off from the only long-term method of balancing its accounts with those creditor nations who favour free economy. An American commercial investor must, like every other investor, demand security for his investment and this implies a measure of control over the way his money is spent. This control may take the form of an outright purchase of the equity or of sufficient shares to carry control—or it may take the form of a mortgage or of voting rights which become operative in given circumstances—but none of these things can the foreign private investor get from a socialized industry. If, therefore, the economists are right—and they certainly are—in saying that Great Britain cannot, for at least two generations, balance her outgoings and incomings except by the classical method of accepting foreign investment in her domestic industries and in her colonial Empire, it follows that if the British third force wins to-day and socialization proceeds, we shall be forced to look to Russia as the only alternative source of supply for the raw materials which, unless we are able to get capital investments from the Americas, we shall no longer be able to get from the American continent.

Now, the position of Russia as a long-term investor and bulk supplier is exactly the same as that of America in regard to insisting on security for her investment. She will only lend money or supply goods on credit to countries whose governments she controls and when, for that reason, she can exercise control over the way her money is spent and her raw materials employed. Russia will never lend to a free-economy country because she does not wish free-economy countries to prosper. She will only lend to totalitarian countries where she controls their governments.

FOR these reasons it is demonstrable that neither our political liberty nor our national independence can survive the destruction of the free economy. The practical issue, therefore, is to re-establish in the eyes of the electorate its prestige and popularity. On this, our survival as a great power depends. It will not be done by purely destructive criticism of Socialist theories. It is necessary to show that the new conception of a property-owning democracy can be translated into an objective reality. It is here that nineteenth century capitalism in the transition from small-scale manufacturing industry to mass production lost touch alike with political realities and the needs of social justice.

Every worker must be able to claim as a right a share in the industry in which he works. Co-partnership in the ordinary sense of the term will not meet the case. In a sense, all working people are already co-partners in industry, since the government is the greatest shareholder in industry, taking more than 50 per cent of the profits and redistributing those profits in the form of pensions, medical services, and so on, and it is a valid and useful political argument that if industrial profits under nationalization were to decline and, worse still, to be turned into losses, the whole structure of the social services might very well collapse or the benefits

reduced to negligible quantities by a rise in prices. But what people need is much more than indirect participation in profits, in which, incidentally, the lion's share goes to those who make the least effort.

A SIMPLE solution of this problem, a problem which must surely be faced before the next general election, would be a scheme of contributory pensions related to length and quality of service for all engaged in industry, agriculture or commerce. Such schemes are already in existence in many businesses and in some professions, notably for University teachers and for the employees of Local Authorities. The present flat-rate national pension scheme operates, however, to restrict the benefits payable under most private schemes and to deter the launching of new pension schemes, because neither employers nor employees can easily pay two sets of contributions to two schemes. The national scheme can, however, be made the basis of a wholly different series of schemes covering different trades, industries or employments, so that every worker would receive on retirement a pension related to his length of service in the different grades. Furthermore, in the case of industrial and commercial undertakings, there could well be a provision for paying to the appropriate pension fund a statutory proportion of the profits (before taxation). Such payments would go to build up reserves in the pension fund which would ultimately become available for distribution either as supplementation of the standard rates of pension or by way of additional benefits for certain categories, e.g., pensions over a certain age or pensioners incapacitated by illness.

It must be noted that group schemes do not have the disadvantage attaching to private pension schemes that they tie an employee to a particular firm. On the other hand such schemes can be made to relate the benefits both to the individual contribution of each pensioner to the industry in which he worked and, through the operation of the levy on profits, to the efficiency of the industry as a whole and its freedom from industrial disputes. It could not be expected that the minimum pension rate would exceed that payable under the present national scheme, but what is now the maximum rate would become the minimum. The state contribution would presumably remain as at present and the employees' contributions would be related at every stage to earnings. The several pension funds would necessarily, since they would receive large annual payments from public funds, be under a measure of public control.

Such at any rate is one of the methods by which the conception of a property-owning democracy can be translated into a reality, for the scheme suggested would give everyone a genuine financial interest in the industry in which he worked, but would leave the individual free to determine by his own efforts the extent of his interest. Immense though the benefits are which the free enterprise system has conferred on any class, it has so far failed to confer that all-important right. There may be other and better ways, although none have so far been proclaimed, of reaching the same result. The problem is still open for investigation.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

By VISCOUNT SWINTON

THE Government are resolved to stage a constitutional revolution in order to give effect to a sordid political deal exacted by the Left Wing of their party. In all democratic countries a change in the Constitution is rightly regarded as a most serious matter; and in many countries the Constitution itself provides a special electoral or Parliamentary process which must be followed before such a change can be made. What is peculiar, if not unique, about the British Constitution is, not that it is unwritten, but that it can be changed by the same Parliamentary procedure as is employed to pass the least controversial or most trivial Bill. The same Parliamentary procedure, which suffices to repeal an obsolete or unimportant Act of Parliament, can be employed to abolish the Monarchy. We can pass an Act to muzzle the British people by the same process that we would pass an Act to muzzle dogs. This imposes a duty alike on governments and Parliaments to exercise a special care and restraint in legislation affecting the Constitution, and to make sure that a proposed change is desired by the electors. Hitherto this elementary obligation has been loyally accepted and scrupulously honoured. In order to appreciate the frivolous party manœuvre of the present government, we have only to compare their conduct with that of Mr. Asquith in 1911.

In 1906 the Liberal Party was returned to power with an overwhelming majority. During the next four years the House of Lords rejected a succession of major Bills, for which the government had a clear mandate. The House finally rejected the Budget of the year. But even in face of that provocation Mr. Asquith was scrupulous to see that the changes he proposed in the powers of the House of Lords were clearly set before the electors and received their approval. He submitted himself and his policy to the country, twice in the course of a year. Before going into the second election on the explicit issue of the powers of the House of Lords, Mr. Asquith tabled his proposals textually in the form of Resolutions and of a Bill. He then submitted these proposals to the electors, fought and won the election on that issue, and the Parliament Act of 1911 was passed. Such was the attitude of a great Liberal leader and a great constitutional lawyer at the height of his power and at the peak of the political fortunes of his Party.

In framing the Parliament Act, under which we have worked for nearly forty years, Mr. Asquith insisted that, while the absolute veto of the House of Lords should be abolished, the House should retain an effective power of delay. While reducing the term of a Parliament from seven years to five, the Parliament Act gave to the Second Chamber an effective power of delay of two years.

CONTRAST that with the action of the present government. The government has been in office for three years. It has introduced and passed through the House of Commons a number of highly controversial Bills. Not one of those has been rejected by the House of Lords. At the beginning of the first session Lord Salisbury, in his wise leadership of the House, advised the House that it would be constitutionally wrong, when the country had so recently pronounced its view for the House to oppose proposals, which had been definitely put before the electorate. The House has made hundreds of amendments in these Bills, the vast majority of which have been accepted by the government as necessary or wise improvements. The House of Lords has been eulogized by Ministers in both Houses for the model way in which it has discharged its duties. In only one instance has the House of Lords insisted on maintaining its view in a disagreement with the House of Commons. That was over the death penalty. In rejecting the abolition of the death penalty and the fantastic so-called compromise, evolved by

the government at the last moment, the House of Lords was endorsing the advice Ministers themselves had given to the House of Commons. And to-day does anyone contend that the House of Lords was not representing the will of the people?

These are the circumstances in which the government have seen fit to introduce their Parliament Bill, whereby they seek to deprive the House of an effective power to give to the people of this country time to consider and express their opinion upon a Bill, which, like the death penalty, is clearly contrary to the wishes of the electors, or upon which public opinion is doubtful and has a right to express itself.

It is speciously suggested that the House of Lords, which has discharged its duties with a deep sense of responsibility, would change its attitude and act irresponsibly in the closing sessions of Parliament. No one really believes that the House with its record in the past three years will act recklessly or irresponsibly. A Second Chamber which so acted would sign its own death warrant. But it may well be asked why, if the government were fearful of the way the House of Lords would act, they did not introduce their Bill at the beginning of this Parliament. If the government were really anxious lest the House of Lords might seek to thwart the will of the people, that was the time to introduce the Bill. But the Bill stems from no such anxiety. Its genesis is twofold. It is introduced in order to resolve or postpone an internal conflict within the Labour Party; and in so far as public opinion is concerned, the anxiety is not that the House of Lords might thwart the will of the people, but that, as in regards to the death penalty, they might use the powers they hold in trust to give the people of this country an opportunity to express their will.

LET us consider then what are the functions of the Second Chamber in this country and how they would be affected by the government's Bill. The House of Lords has three distinct functions or powers; debate, revision and delay.

As Lord Cecil has said, Parliament, as its name implies, is a place where people talk; and in the House of Lords people talk to great advantage. On almost any topic, whether it be Foreign Affairs, Commonwealth Relations, Public Administration, Defence, Finance and Economics, Commerce and Industry, Law or Science, the House can draw on the experience of men who have held high posts in all these fields and are recognized as masters of their subject. Moreover, it would, I think, be generally conceded that in debates on all these matters members of the House, if often critical, have always been constructive. This function of debate is of high importance, both in advising the government of the day and in informing and instructing public opinion; and in recent years, when the government has taken all Private Members' time in the House of Commons, this function of the House of Lords has become more important than ever.

The second function of the House of Lords is that of revising and amending legislation. Here again there is almost universal agreement as to the need for this power in the Second Chamber, and as to the admirable way the House of Lords has discharged its duties.

Before the pressure of legislation became so great, the principles and details of Bills were carefully considered before the Parliamentary draftsmen started their work. These highly skilled men knew what they had to do and had plenty of time to do it. But to-day it is all very different. Half-baked projects are sent to the draftsmen. The principles are sometimes far from clear and often the details appear not to have been considered at all. And such is the pressure upon the draftsmen that they have to roll out long and complicated Bills at a speed which prevents even these experts from doing their work as they should.

IN earlier Parliaments Bills, thus carefully prepared, were fully debated at all stages in the House of Commons. Even under those conditions a revising Chamber was found essential. For be it remembered that in interpreting an Act of Parliament and the rights and obligations of citizens under it, the Courts can look only at the words of

the Act. They can pay no attention to what Ministers have said in debate as to the intention of a clause. The judges can only interpret a clause on the strict legal meaning of the words as they are there written. It is of vital importance that Bills should not become law, until Parliament is fully satisfied what the Bill is intended to do, and that that intention is accurately expressed.

In the present Parliament no one will pretend that Bills have been adequately considered in the House of Commons. Under the guillotine and the closure great chunks of Bills have reached the House of Lords without receiving any consideration at all in the Commons. In these circumstances the need for revision has been greater than ever. On six Bills of major importance, Coal, Transport, Electricity, Town and Country Planning, Agriculture and Companies, more than 1,700 amendments were moved in the House of Lords, and over 1,200 of these were accepted by the government.

MINISTERS in both Houses have vied with one another in eulogizing the way the House of Lords have done their work. I need not multiply examples, but I will take two. On the Third Reading of the Companies Bill, which had been largely recast in the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor said:—

"This Bill goes down to another place not as my Bill and not as my Party's Bill; it goes down to the other place as a real contribution made by members of all sides of your Lordships' House in trying to work out a very difficult problem."

On another Bill, the Minister in charge of the Bill exclaimed:—

"I hope when the Bill reaches another place they will find nothing to do and will exclaim: 'It is the Lords' doing and it is wonderful in our eyes'."

This commendation has been expressed by Ministers not only in Parliament but outside.

Addressing the Labour Party Conference at Scarborough last May, Mr. Herbert Morrison said:—

"I assure this Conference that, curious though it may seem, from three years' experience as Leader of the House of Commons, I am convinced that, from the point of view of getting legislation properly considered and passed, two Chambers are more expeditious and effective than one. That is partly because you can start legislation in both Houses at the same time, and partly because the opportunity of revision and amendment as Bills go through is so extensive that you need this additional stage.

Very often the House of Lords is exceedingly useful for purposes of revision, and if we had not got the Second Chamber, I am certain we would have to invent another stage in the passage of bills in the Commons, with the result that we would choke up the House."

I must not claim that these views are supported by all Members of the Labour Party. Speaking on the Second Reading debate on the Parliament Bill last September Miss Jennie Lee said:—

"It is really intellectually cheap to pretend that we cannot revise this present Chamber" (i.e., the House of Commons) "in order to make one Chamber do the job perfectly efficiently".

And it is well to bear in mind that Miss Lee is the better half of Mr. Aneurin Bevan.

IT may be argued that these facts are not relevant to a consideration of the present Parliament Bill, since that Bill does not in terms deal with the power of revision. That is only superficially true. After a Bill has been amended and passed its Third Reading in the House of Lords, it returns to the House of Commons. The House of Commons can either accept the amendments or reject them, or offer alternative amendments. The amendments which have been rejected, together with any new amendments by the Commons, then come back to the House of Lords. The House of Lords can either accept the House of Commons decision or insist on its amendments. The House can also offer alternative amendments in lieu. The disputed amendments then return to the House of Commons. In the end, if the House of Lords insists on any particular amendment, the House of Commons must either accept the Bill with that amendment, or lose the Bill in that session

and re-introduce it in a subsequent session under the provisions of the Parliament Act.

In practice there is a good deal of sensible give and take. The House of Lords acts responsibly, and would not insist on an amendment unless they were satisfied they were expressing the wishes of the electors. On the other hand the fact that the House of Lords can insist upon an amendment ensures that Ministers and the House of Commons will treat amendments with an equal sense of responsibility. Let me take one very practical example. In the Criminal Justice Bill the House of Lords rejected the original clause abolishing the death penalty and rejected even more emphatically the strange compromise introduced by the Lord Chancellor. In this matter there can be no doubt that the House of Lords represented the popular will, and the House of Commons wisely gave way. But supposing the Government's Parliament Bill had been law and the House of Lords had been deprived of an effective power of delay, can we be at all sure that the House of Commons would have taken the same course, and would not by an arbitrary vote have continued to thwart the wishes of the people?

So it is untrue to suggest that the Bill has no effect upon the revising powers of the Second Chamber. Moreover, it may well be that if a conflict should arise between the two Houses, it will not be on the simple rejection of a Bill but on an important amendment. As we have seen this is what happened over the death penalty; and I can well imagine that other cases might arise, where the electors were in favour of the general principle of a Bill, but a majority of them were strongly opposed to some particular provision. In such a case the House of Lords would clearly be doing its duty in accepting the Bill, but insisting on an amendment to omit or amend the peccant provision. The Bill therefore affects the power of delay equally as regards the rejection or the amendment of a Bill.

LET us examine the fundamental issue whether a power of delay is necessary in the public interest, and what is the reasonable extent of such a power. In this connection government speakers have tried to make capital out of the present composition of the House of Lords. This is singularly disingenuous. For many years the House of Lords itself by speech and formal resolution has expressed its desire for reform. In the Conference of Party Leaders, in which Conservative Leaders sincerely sought a lasting settlement, we expressed our readiness to recommend to our Party as part of an agreed settlement that:—

> *"The revised constitution of the House of Lords should be such as to secure as far as practicable that a permanent majority is not assured for any one political Party.
> The present right to attend and vote based solely on heredity should not by itself constitute a qualification for admission to a reformed Second Chamber."

But the government made it plain (Mr. Morrison re-emphasized this in the House of Commons last September), that they would give no greater powers to a reformed Second Chamber than they were prepared to concede to the existing House. The Bill, of course, contains no provision whatever for reform: it deals only with limitation of powers. It was on this fundamental difference that the Conference broke down. The difference is indeed fundamental. It goes far deeper than a dispute as to the length of the period of delay; it goes right to the root question of whether there should be any real power of delay at all. It is in fact the issue of Single Chamber government.

MR. HERBERT MORRISON put the issue and the position of the government frankly in the House of Commons when the Bill was first introduced:—

"It has been argued that the House of Lords must have a proper and adequate opportunity in which it can judge what public opinion wishes. I will answer that perfectly frankly by saying that this government and this Party do not admit the right of their Lordships to judge what the public wishes from the angle of determining whether legislation should proceed or not." The government contention is fairly and

*Agreed Statement on conclusion of Conference of Party Leaders February-April, 1948. Cmd.7380.

squarely this. Once a government is elected it is entitled to introduce any Bill it pleases; and if it can get that Bill through the House of Commons, the Bill must become law in whatever form the House of Commons decides. There should be time for debate and examination of the Bill in both Houses. But when that Parliamentary process has been completed, the will of the majority of the House of Commons must prevail. This means that once a government and a party have obtained a majority at a General Election, the sovereign power vests in that majority until another election comes round. Sir Stafford Cripps has said so in terms:

"There can never be more than one sovereign body, and that must be the House of Commons."

If that thesis of sovereign Single Chamber Government be accepted, there is no case for any period of delay, long or short. But we contend that this is bad law and bad democracy. We maintain, what has always hitherto been accepted as the true position in our Constitution, that sovereignty resides in the British people, not only at election time but at all times.

WE have never contended that the Second Chamber should enjoy the same powers as the House of Commons or be its rival. But we do contend that Parliament is the servant of the people, and that in important matters, where there is conflict between the two Houses, there should be time for the electorate to be properly informed and for public opinion to express itself before a measure passes into law.

The government, while maintaining their main position that the Second Chamber should have no power to hold up what the House of Commons has decided, puts forward as a second line of defence that twelve months from the Second Reading of a Bill in the House of Commons affords sufficient time for public opinion to crystallize and express itself. If the electors are to have an opportunity for reflection, they must know what they are to reflect about. It is just as likely that differences will occur on the provisions of a long and complicated Bill as on a simple issue like the death penalty. No one can tell in what form a Bill like the Transport Bill will emerge from consideration in both Houses, until it has passed its Third Reading in the House of Lords. In practice this is eight or nine months after the Second Reading of the Bill. The pretended year is therefore not twelve months at all but may be only three or four. It is idle to pretend that this is sufficient time for consideration by the country.

IT is argued by the government that the public is so well informed to-day on all matters that public opinion reacts at once. What Mr. Asquith thought necessary for a much smaller electorate, when controversial issues were fewer and Parliamentary debates were fully reported, is far too long for the larger electorate to-day, when contentious issues are so much more numerous and complex, and when newspapers have been cut down to a fraction of their former size. I wonder if the Chancellor of the Exchequer really thinks that his homilies are immediately appreciated by thirty million electors?

Then it is said that the power of delay should be reduced because in difficult times economic questions must be dealt with promptly. Here, certainly no charge can be made against the House of Lords. No emergency measure has been held up; and the only difference has been that speakers in the House of Lords have constantly exposed the true economic position and urged effective remedies months before the Government were prepared to take action.

Finally, there is the argument that unless the power of delay is reduced to negligible proportions, the House of Lords can force an election. This is not true. Any government can use the existing Parliament Act throughout the whole of the Parliament. It is true that if the two years prescribed in the Parliament Act have not elapsed before the five years life of Parliament is exhausted, a General Election will take place. But what government spokesmen seem careful to conceal from the electors is that this does not put the government back as in a game of snakes and ladders to where they started. The two-year period runs through the General Election. If the government are

returned at the General Election, they can re-introduce the Bill and the time runs from the original Second Reading. Of course, if the government are beaten at the election, in which the disputed measure will be a prominent issue, then the Bill will not pass. But it will fail to pass, not because the House of Lords threw it out, but because the electors have thrown out the government; and even a Socialist, who is not a fellow-traveller, can hardly complain that there is anything undemocratic in that.

I SAID at the start that the fact that, under our Constitution, all Bills, whatever their relative importance, are treated the same way, makes it particularly dangerous for the people of this country to forego their constitutional safeguards. To-day, constitutional safeguards are as important as Parliamentary institutions. It is regrettable that the Lord Chancellor should have referred to such safeguards as "matchboard protection" against a revolution. That is a dangerous, defeatist and undemocratic doctrine. If the majority in this country wish for a change, constitutional or other, that can and will be carried out by Parliamentary process: that is the way democracy works. But as we have seen in one country after another, revolutions are not made by majorities. They are made by resolute and tyrannous minorities, usurping power and coercing the majority by force. These minorities are particularly anxious, wherever they can, to operate in the first instance under a camouflage of Parliamentary procedure. Do not let us underrate the value of constitutional safeguards as the insurance of democracy against minority revolutions, whether of the Right or the Left.

Let me sum up in words I used in winding up the debate on the Second Reading of the Bill.

"This is a bad Bill. It is bad in its origin. It is introduced, not because there is any case for the Bill on its merits, but to make a sordid, internal accommodation within a Party caucus. It is bad in itself, because the pretended year is not, in fact, a year. It is bad because it is retrospective. Retrospective legislation is never popular and seldom right; and retrospective legislation on a vital constitutional matter is, I believe, unheard of. It is bad because it contains no reform of composition, which would be its sole justification. It is bad because it can only deflect the country from its main purpose. The crisis and the need for national unity will not be less a year hence, either in economics or in the whole foreign field. Last November, at Sheffield, Mr. Morrison said:

'What a strange moment this would be to start political stunting.'

It is a stranger moment still to-day.

The issue before us is plain. We have shown ourselves scrupulous in the exercise of our functions and the discharge of our duty, which is our trust. On this Bill our duty is clear. If we passed it, we should betray our trust and dishonour ourselves."

FOUR TRAVELLERS OF THE PAST

By CHARLES PETRIE

NOW that an unsympathetic government has restricted travel abroad for pleasure, and travel at home has been by the same authority rendered as uncomfortable as possible, it is not surprising that there are signs of an increasing interest in the way in which our ancestors got about in the England of their day: their mobility makes attractive reading for us in our enforced immobility. For several generations the Muse of History was a highbrow lady whose only interest lay in battles and treaties, kings and parliaments, and it is but recently that she has become more human in her tastes. In consequence, publishers and learned societies have, since the end of the First World War, been giving to the world letters and diaries which often include much information regarding the traveller's experiences when the train and the motor car were still unknown. Indeed, from the beginning of the seventeenth century the subject is exceptionally well documented, and the real difficulty is to make one's choice among a great wealth of material.

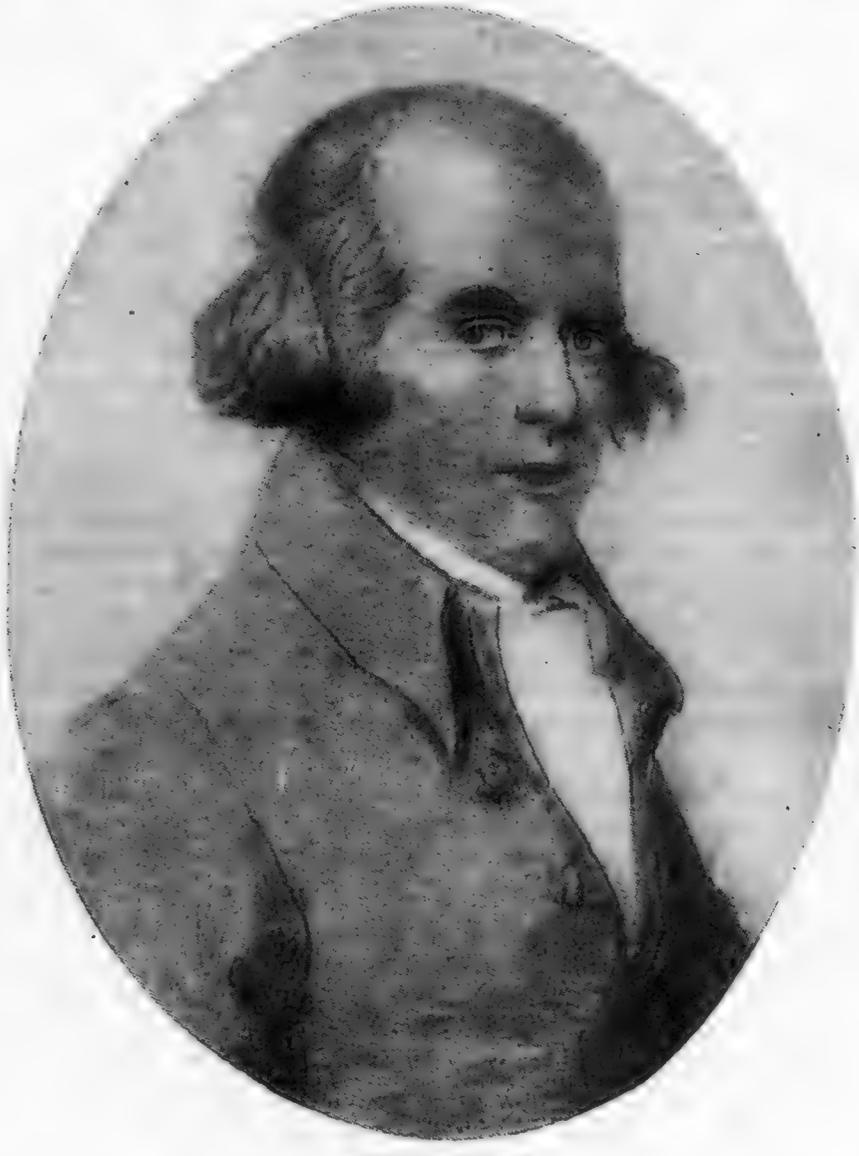
There are, however, four travellers whose accounts may be read in conjunction in such a way as to give a very vivid picture of an England which was being transformed from a rural to an industrial community, with all the social and economic changes which this transformation of necessity brought in its wake. These four travellers are, in chronological order, Lieutenant Hammond (his Christian name is unknown), Celia Fiennes, Daniel Defoe and John Byng. The first of these set out on 4th August, 1635, from Norwich to visit the southern and western counties, and his is the last description we possess of an England which was so soon to be changed by the Civil War. For this reason it is not without interest to compare Hammond's description with that of Celia Fiennes at the end of the same century, with that of Defoe a couple of decades or so later, and with that of Byng when the first effects of enclosures and the Industrial Revolution were already beginning to make themselves felt.

The four travellers differed greatly in character. Hammond was a happy, jovial man, who was always willing to talk to anyone whom he might meet, and he was equally ready to join in any fun that was afoot. He was a staunch supporter of Church and King, had a great respect for ceremonial and tradition, and entertained a hearty dislike of the Scots and Welsh. Celia Fiennes was the exact opposite, and was, it must be confessed, the prototype of that all-too-common "desiccated English spinster, dried on the stalk," to which the late Léon Daudet took such strong exception. She came of a strong Cromwellian family, wrote of the official reception of a French ambassador at Court as "these foolerys," and at Lord Sandwich's house at Hinchingbrooke primly referred to "a fine picture of Venus were it not too much uncloth'd." Defoe, on the other hand, looked at his world through the eyes of the special correspondent of a great newspaper born several generations before his time. His sympathies were with everything that he considered to be progressive, and he could never forget that in his youth he had trailed a pike with Monmouth; nor, incidentally, was he by any means above using his imagination to amplify his experiences. Byng, later the fifth Viscount Torrington, was yet another type, and was, it must be confessed, a good deal of a *laudator temporis acti*. A retired colonel of the Guards, he possessed to the full all the virtues and defects of his profession, but his approach to the problems of his fellow-men was a great deal more human than that of Celia Fiennes; what he saw he set down in his journal, however much it might have earned his disapproval.

THE one common factor with which all four travellers had to reckon was the slow progress they could make. In the reign of William and Mary it took Mrs. Manley, a

contemporary of Celia Fiennes, six days to cover the 170 miles from London to Exeter, involving stops for the night at Egham, Hartley Row, Sutton Scotney, Salisbury and Bridport; though it is only fair to add that one of the days was a Sunday, on which

which might as well be in the moon, or in Limbo Patrum, considering them as a sort of separate being." So late as the reign of George III, after many improvements had been made, it took thirty hours to go from London to York, and cost £3 6s. 3d.



JOHN BYNG

even so "advanced" a lady as she found it impossible, or impolitic, to proceed. Such being the case, it is little wonder that a writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in the middle of the eighteenth century should say: "A rich citizen of London has perhaps some very valuable relatives or friends in the West; he thinks no more of visiting them than of travelling the deserts of Nubia,

In 1776, Dr. Johnson left London at 11.0 a.m., but he did not reach Bath until half-past seven on the following night.

The reason for this was the bad state of the roads. Squire Western's wife, it will be remembered, had "a coach and four usually at her command; though unhappily, indeed, the badness of the neighbourhood, and of the roads, made this of little use." Defoe

bears witness to the same effect: "Going to church at a country village, not far from Lewes, I saw an ancient lady, and a body of very good quality, I assure you, drawn to church in her coach with six oxen; nor was it done in frolic or humour, but mere necessity, the way being so still and deep." The Sussex roads had, indeed, a specially bad reputation, and Defoe mentions one from Leatherhead by Dorking to Petworth that had disappeared altogether during the previous hundred years. Other counties were little, if anything, better. Such being the case, it is easy to understand the impression made upon contemporaries by the feat of Sir Robert Carey in riding the 397 miles from Richmond to Edinburgh in sixty hours to announce Elizabeth's death to James VI. Even more remarkable was the exploit of Nicks, the highwayman, in the reign of Charles II, for he robbed a man on Gad's Hill in Kent at four o'clock one morning, and was talking to the Lord Mayor of York, in that city, at eight the same evening.

DANIEL DEFOE

For the poorer classes, who had neither conveyances nor horses of their own, there were wagons which jolted their way from village to village, for although the first stage-coach, from London to Coventry,

made its appearance during the Protectorate, this method of transport was not much used for another century. Even for those who possessed carriages the discomfort must have been considerable, for in winter the main roads became such seas of mud that travellers were forced to take to the fields, while it was the usual practice of the local authorities to plough up the ruts each spring. What, in retrospect, is surprising is not that there were so few people travelling, but that there were so many.

Such was the background against which the wanderings of our four travellers were set.

FOR them, as for ourselves, the inn was the making or the marring of a journey. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries inns were still what they had been for ages. There were no bars, no set dinners, and no dining-rooms. The rich ordered what they wanted in their own rooms, while those who could not afford this fed in the kitchen. The tradition of good cheer, too, was already old, for as early as 1129 an Imperial diplomat wrote that "the inns in England are the best in Europe". Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the country inn is the one unbroken link that connects the present with the remote past, for its life is the same as it was in the Middle Ages, in spite of all the changes that have taken place in the interval. The tavern scene in *Piers Plowman*, the conversation scene in the inn yard in *Henry IV*, and the meeting of the Penny Club in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, might all take place to-day. As Thomas Burke so well put it: "To the inn time is static. In one breath it has seen all English history, and we of to-day are only late arrivals among its guests."

Hammond has a good deal to say about the inns at which he put up, and some of his experiences have a curiously modern ring. There can be few who, after a long journey, will not share his satisfaction in the "holy quiet" which he found at the *Lamb* at Eastbourne, or who cannot sympathize with his annoyance at Manningtree with the landlord who was "out of his pleasant conceited noddle very inquisitive to know from whence I came, and whither I was bound". At the *Red Lion* at Portsmouth there was even a visitors' book to be signed, while the hostess was "brisk, blithe and merry, a handsome sprightly lass, fit for the company of brave commanders". These characteristics in a landlady would certainly not, later in the century, have commended themselves to Celia Fiennes, who deplored in an inn at Carlisle "a young giddy landlady that could only dress fine and entertain the soldiers". Perhaps, however, Celia's strictures may have been influenced by the fact that, according to her own account, the hostess had just "ran me up the largest reckoning for almost nothing". As a Puritan she preferred the inn at Truro, where the landlady was full of "reall religion".

Hammond was clearly an easy-going fellow, and not too difficult to please, while Byng was the reverse. He was continually complaining of pert chambermaids, and sulky waiters; of dirty knives and bad wine. On one occasion, quite early in his travels, occurs the following outburst: "I look upon an inn as the seat of all roguery, profaneness and debauchery, and sicken of them every day, by hearing nothing but oaths and abuse of each other and brutality to horses." Later he found himself compelled to admit that there were exceptions and where his cherished *Haycock* at Wansford was in question he was positively fulsome in his praise. In effect, accommodation varied then as it does now, but the weight of the evidence would seem to show that on the whole the English inns were good, and vastly superior to anything on the Continent. We have all met our Byngs and suffered from their company.

ON the other hand, the modern traveller can go about in relative safety, and is under no necessity to note, as did Hammond on his way from Rochester to Canterbury, "nor did we thinke our Purses were in any great perill of being taken from us, our Company was so strong". Blackheath was described by Celia Fiennes as "a noted Robbing place", yet it is possible that the danger from highwaymen has been exagge-

rated. Defoe says nothing about them, and Byng has contempt, rather than pity, for those who were robbed; according to him, the victims were often people who did not leave sufficient time for their journey, and would travel by night. There were few parts of the kingdom which Celia Fiennes did not visit, yet the only occasion on which she had an unpleasant encounter with obvious highwaymen was in Cheshire on the road to Whitchurch. Certain roads round London were generally unsafe, and Bagshot Heath and Maidenhead Thicket were notorious, while Kensington and Knightsbridge were infested with footpads who were often privates in the Guards off duty.

One of the most notorious robberies, that of Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, by Mobb, took place in the reign of Charles II. The highwayman held up Louise's coach, and demanded her money and jewels. The favourite was furious and asked him if he knew to whom he was speaking.

"Yes, madam," replied Mobb, "I know you to be the greatest whore in the kingdom, and that you are maintained at the public charge. I know that all the courtiers depend upon your smiles and that the King himself is your slave. But what of that? A gentleman collector is a greater man upon the road, and much more absolute than His Majesty is at Court. You may now say, madam, that a single highwayman has exercised his authority where Charles the Second of England has often begged a favour, and thought himself fortunate to obtain it at the expense of his treasure."

The Duchess thereupon told him that he was an insolent fellow, that she would give him nothing, and that he should be severely punished for insulting her.

"Madam," said the highwayman, "that haughty French spirit will do you no good here. I am an English freebooter, and I insist upon it as my privilege to seize all foreign commodities. Your money is English, and a proof of English folly. All you have about you is confiscated to me by being bestowed upon such a worthless bitch. I would have you know that I am king here. And I have also a whore of my own to keep on the public's contributions just the same as King Charles has. It is for this reason that I take toll of all that pass this way."

It is by no means improbable that such incidents have created a false impression of the dangers that confronted the seventeenth and eighteenth century traveller. After all, if our descendants take the evidence of the newspapers alone they will probably be driven to the conclusion that matrimony and flying were particularly hazardous enterprises in the reign of King George VI, for they will hear mainly of those who came to grief in the one or the other. It has also to be remembered that the number of highwaymen and footpads rose and fell as the general prosperity of the country diminished or increased, and the close of a war always sets adrift a number of men rendered desperate by their experiences or their misfortunes.

WHEN we turn from the way in which our four travellers proceeded on their respective journeys to what they saw, all resemblance between them is at an end. Hammond was a witness of much that after a few more years had passed was never to be seen again. He could write of Corfe Castle, even now majestic in its ruins. "It is so ancient as without Date, yett all her walls and Towers, the maine Castle called the Kings, and the lower Castle called the Queens, the large Roomes therein, and the Leads aloft, are all in very good repayre." He saw the paintings in Chichester Cathedral before they had received the rude attentions of Waller and his men, and much that he was shown at Winchester no longer exists. It was the same with institutions as with buildings. Hammond was present at an Eyre of the Forest, which must have been one of the last of these courts ever held, for, recently revived by Charles I as a legal means of increasing the revenue, they were swept away as one of the consequences of the Great Rebellion. He gives a detailed account of the procedure, and of the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, adding "by this time his Lordship (as he had good cause)

was weary'd, and I (as I had just reason) with crowding and thrusting, was quite overtyr'd".

"Upon a sufficient horse, with a small portmanteau behind me, like this old-fashioned traveller, so well engraved by Hollar." (Byng.)

It was a very different England, and governed on very different principles, which Celia Fiennes traversed after the Revolution: for her part, she had no doubt that the changes had been for the better. The rich were steadily getting richer, and the poor were as steadily getting poorer, which delighted her Whig soul. She was not interested in rural customs, or even in villages at all, and all her concern was for rich men's houses and the towns where fortunes were being made. She attributed the poverty of Scotland to the "sloth" of its inhabitants, and she regarded a debtors' prison as a place of refuge which its inmates did not deserve. Celia was, indeed, a fit kinsman of that Earl of Lincoln who ordered his servants to beat a prentice boy to death "for gazing at him in the street". The only thing attractive about her was her interest in food. At Woburn she "eate a great quantity of the Red Coralina goosebery"; the potted char of Windermere definitely attracted her; and at Colchester she consumed enough oysters to make a marked inroad upon her purse. Beer, also, meant a good deal to Celia, and she specially commends that which was served to her at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. For the rest, she was the prototype of a Liberal of the Manchester School.

DEFOE held much the same views. The centres of industry were still in the South and West, and there was nothing to indicate even to so keen an observer that this might not be the case much longer. He prophesied, for example, that in a few years Frome "is very likely to be one of the greatest and wealthiest inland towns in England". Although London was already the magnet for people and goods, there were innumerable small centres of population with a rigorous life of their own. Especially was this the case with the seaport towns, for coastal shipping possessed very great economic importance before the age of railways. To these various ports came, by road or river, the merchandise of the interior, seeking the shortest route to the sea, which afforded the easiest, as well as the cheapest, means of transport. Defoe could still write of Manchester that it was "one of the greatest, if not really the greatest, meer village in England. It is neither a wall'd town, city, or corporation; they send no members to Parliament, and the highest magistrate they have is a constable or head borough". Yet he estimates its population at fifty thousand, though this is most probably an exaggeration. Birmingham he did not consider worthy of mention, but Liverpool was already "one of the wonders of Britain . . . there is no town in England, London excepted, that can equal Liverpoole for the fineness of the streets, and the beauty of the buildings". Incidentally, Celia Fiennes had not long before said much the same about the Merseyside port when she described it as "London in miniature", with

"abundance of persons . . . very well dress'd and of good fashion".

Progress of the type that commended itself to Celia Fiennes and Defoe was anathema to Byng. The earlier travellers would have rejoiced at the continued growth of the northern towns, while Byng, who visited Manchester in 1792, can hardly find words strong enough to express his dislike: "Oh! what a dog hole is Manchester! For the old town is like Wapping; and the upper, the new, town like Spital Fields—in the same gloom and dirt." Later he "wander'd about the town till dinner time, without seeing anything that I should ever wish to see again." Byng seems to have found Birmingham rather more congenial, but chiefly because on the occasion of his visit Mrs. Siddons was acting there, and he passed most of the evening in her dressing-room. The times were disturbed, and events across the Channel were not without their effect in the Midlands. The worthy colonel found his old regiment, the Blues, at Birmingham "quartered to maintain the peace". But they were not what they had been when he served with them: "I saw them parade in the High Street, and think I never saw a regiment in worse order, or looking less like soldiers, dirty, slovenly, ill-dressed, with neither fashion, nor pride about them; and their horses were as dirty, and ill-dress'd as their riders."

WITH the exception of Celia Fiennes, none of the four travellers had much to say about politics, and she was chiefly concerned to vent her spleen on the fallen Stuarts or on her Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen: indeed, she was so violent a Whig as actually to believe in the warming-pan version of the birth of the Prince of Wales in 1688. Defoe entertained much the same views, it is true, but he kept them more to himself, probably because he did not wish to offend potential readers. Yet Hammond traversed an England that historians would have us believe was ablaze with indignation at the levying of Ship Money, and he says nothing about any such agitation: indeed, he concludes the account of his journey with the reflection that the country is fortunate "to live under soe good, soe just, soe wise, soe prudent, soe vertuous and soe piously religious a Prince" as Charles I. Nothing is known of Hammond's later life, but one can hardly doubt on which side he ranged himself when the Civil War came. Byng was of Whig stock, and during his earlier travels there are several sneering allusions to the administration of the Younger Pitt, but when the storm broke in France he became, like so many members of his party, a supporter of the Prime Minister. Nevertheless, if old-fashioned in some of his views, he was no mere blind reactionary, and on page after page he gives evidence of a genuine sympathy for the wretched victims of the enclosures: "As a sportsman I hate enclosures, and, as a citizen, I look on

"Turnpike Gate on the Coventry Road."

them as the greedy tyrannies of the wealthy few to oppress the indigent many." Nor has he anything but the utmost contempt for those politicians at Westminster who worked themselves into a fury about injustices in India, but cared nothing for the miseries of their fellow-countrymen at home. Defoe, progressive as he prided himself on being, seems to have felt no repugnance at the enclosing of common land, while Celia Fiennes regarded it as in the normal order of things.

RELIGION attracted all four rather more than politics. Hammond toured the country when Land was enforcing discipline on the Church, and the Archbishop's policy pleased him. On the whole he seems to have met with little of which he disapproved, save the "fat tunbelly'd puffy-quarter'd Chuffe" non-preaching parson at Crowland, and the town of Banbury "as full of Ale as Zeale, where they doe make no Conscience to translate an Altar to a Signe; which in my judgement is a plaine signe to judge how they stand addicted". Her Puritanism, on the other hand, recommended Banbury to Celia Fiennes, and it was of this town that Hammond's contemporary, Richard Brathwaite had written :

> To Banbury came I, O profane one,
> Where I saw a Puritane one
> Hanging of his cat on Monday,
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Defoe was more interested in Dissent than in the Establishment, though at Dorchester he was glad to see "the Church of England clergyman, and the Dissenting minister, or preacher, drinking tea together, and conversing with civility and good neighbourhood, like catholick Christians, and men of a catholick and extensive charity". What impressed Byng most was the rapid spread of Methodism consequent upon the neglect of their duties by so many Anglican clergymen. At Ashby-de-la-Zouch he noted, as in no way exceptional, "a Methodist chapel . . . to which there went five to the one that went to church; and no wonder, as here may be fervour and devotion".

It was little marvel that such should be the case, for on the conclusion of his tour in the Midlands in 1789 he wrote, "About religion I have made some enquiry (having been in so many churches) and find it to be lodged in the hands of the Methodists; as the greater clergy do not attend to their duty, and the lesser neglect it; that where the old psalm singing is abolished, none is established in its place; as the organ is inconvenient and not understood; at most places the curates never attend regularly, or to any effect, or comfort, so no wonder that the people are gone over to Methodism." It was, indeed, in no way remarkable, and there were times when Byng must have wished he had been a contemporary of Hammond: when he visited Salisbury was one of them. "The close is comfortable, and the divines well seated; but the house of God is kept in sad order, to the disgrace of our Church, and of Christianity. Whenever I see these things I wish for a return of the authority and Church government of a land. The churchyard is like a cow-common, as dirty and as neglected and through the centre stagnates a boggy ditch."

HAMMOND was more interested in monuments than in men, and, the same was true of Celia Fiennes, whose detailed descriptions of rich men's houses are reminiscent of Baedeker. With Defoe and Byng it was the opposite, and little escaped them. In the former's time, for instance, assemblies and assembly-rooms were just coming into fashion, and he has not a good word to say for them. He deplores their presence at Winchester: "they are pleasant and agreeable to the young people, and sometimes fatal to them. . . . Winchester has its share of the mirth: may it escape the ill consequences." One of the chief recommendations of Dorset was that such practices did not obtain, and in consequence the reputation of the ladies in that county seems "to be better kept, guarded by better conduct, and managed with more prudence". Two generations later Byng also had something to say about assembly-rooms, namely that they were so boring he was at a loss to understand why people frequented them.

This is but another example of the time-honoured tendency for one age to denounce as vicious what its successor merely considers dull.

The three earlier travellers saw that old institution, the fair, in its hey-day. There was a most important one for poultry at Dorking, which provided employment for the whole district; and there Defoe was struck by the size of the capons he saw, which were anything up to 6 lbs. in weight, and sold for between 4s. and 4s. 6d. apiece. All over the country there were fairs held on fixed dates every year, and each was noted for some special commodity. It had also been the practice to engage servants at a fair, though by the reign of George I the custom was beginning to die out. Where it survived those who wished to be hired held in their hands the implements of their craft, as the carters a whip, labourers a spade and woodmen a bill. By Byng's time the smaller centres were giving ground before the larger, and he is often found deploring the decay of the country towns, as in the case of Burford, "a poor declining place, having lost the clothing trade, and almost the saddle business, once so famous". This was one of the developments which marked the difference between the England of Byng and that of Hammond, Celia Fiennes and Defoe.

BYNG rode his own horse and so did not experience the rapid changes that were taking place even while he was making his leisurely tours. In 1784 the coaches had begun to carry the mails, and five years later they were provided with springs, of which they had previously been innocent. The next step was the introduction of lighter vehicles; and before Byng died in 1813 he could, had he been so disposed, have gone from London to Brighton in eight hours at the cost of 15s. for a single fare. Fourteen years later Dickens makes his hero leave London at 7.0 a.m. and reach Bath at 7.30 p.m., while three hundred coaches a day were passing Hyde Park. By then, however, the life of the roads which our four travellers all knew was about to be stilled for two generations by the arrival of the railway, not to be revived until the motor car came to resuscitate the habits of the past.

DEMOCRACY*

By W. S. MORRISON

THE word "democracy" has been so battered and twisted by propagandists that it has lost all freshness and clarity of outline. We hear of the "Democracies of Eastern Europe", which are sometimes called the "new democracies" to signify that they are something different from the old ones, as indeed they obviously are. Why Communist regimes should call themselves democracies of any kind is curious. The reason is that the word or label has pleasant associations, and that is a sufficient reason for stealing it for purposes of propaganda.

The word itself brings us back to ancient Greece, and to one Greek in particular—Aristotle. It is a strange thing that all modern political debate arises from the divergence in method between two men who lived in the same place at about the same time: Plato and Aristotle. Plato sought the truth about politics in universal abstract conceptions. He was the first of the Utopians and the father of all Socialists. His *Republic*, where the philosophers were kings, was framed in accordance with these abstract, virtuous conceptions and is generally true to them. The only real criticism of this ideal state is that, if it had ever come into being, it would have been intolerable to live in and would have been overwhelmed in violence and blood by the outraged human beings for whom it was designed.

ARISTOTLE started as a medical student. Something of the critical determination not to be bamboozled by fine words, which we still associate with that species, is infused in all his work. His method was to examine all the ways in which men had in fact tried to secure government, to compare these forms and to analyse them as objectively as he would count the legs of a fly. He considered that human nature was the most important factor in the problem and that, therefore, it was best to see how human nature actually worked out in practice. The other interesting thing about Aristotle's method is that he came to thinking about politics after he had done much splendid and powerful thinking about ethics. His first enquiry was into the nature of the good man. He satisfied himself that, as pleasure is the result of a part of man acting according to the nature of that part, so happiness is the activity of man according to his whole nature, and that we can have more real fun from indulging good habits than bad. Thus, the happy man is the good man. It was not until he had settled this doctrine of εὐδαιμονια —the man possessed of a good "daemon", or personality, that he turned as a corollary to thinking about the political framework, which in fact gives a man the best chance of developing that personality; that synthesis of happiness and virtue.

Looking round him, he saw that mankind had in fact tried many expedients to secure good government and he set out three forms of right or good government.

1. Monarchy, or the rule of one excelling in virtue.
2. Aristocracy, or the rule of a class excelling in virtue.
3. Polity, or the rule of the majority excelling in virtue.

But, human nature being what it is, Aristotle observed that each of these three forms of right government were liable to certain deviations from their highest standards. Roughly his test was that whereas all forms of "right government" sought the general good of the virtuous citizens, each deviation sought, instead, the good of the government. Thus, taking the "deviations" in the same order, a tyranny seeks the good of the tyrant, an oligarchy seeks the good of the class and a democracy seeks the good of the majority.

THUS, democracy was to Aristotle a deviation from right or good government in that it sought, not the general good of all virtuous citizens, but the good of the majority in power. In his time the Athenian

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democracy had sunk from the high level achieved under Pericles, a century and a half earlier. His was the age of Philip of Macedon and his son Alexander whose tutor he was. It was the age of Demosthenes, the great orator who could sway the mob.

Much has changed since that turbulent but fruitful epoch, but two points in the Aristotelian analysis are as true to-day as then. The first is the priority in importance of ethics over politics. Because the good man is the happy man, there will be more happiness in a community of good men, however bad the government, than in a community of bad men however good the government. Therefore individual character and conduct are not only the sole preservers of the State, but the very reason for the existence of the State is that it should promote the growth of the happy and virtuous personality.

The personality, or character, of the citizen determines the character of the State. The sad fact that any form of "right government" changes to its "deviation" is caused by the imperfect nature of man, whether it be of one man, of a ruling class of men, or of the majority, according as each bears sway in the regime under consideration. The second point worth remembering is the doctrine that a government which seeks the good of *itself*, whether of one man, of a few, or of the majority in power is a "deviation" from right or good government.

The imperfection in man's nature which upsets theoretical calculations is the rarity of individuals who can stand being clothed with power over their fellows. Experience but reinforces Lord Acton's famous dictum: "Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Cromwell, Hitler, Mussolini, not to mention Nero and Caligula, are all witnesses to the melancholy ease of the transition from monarch to tyrant. The doges of Venice and the Whig families of the Revolution show how easy is the descent from aristocracy to oligarchy. It is easy to see that the cause is a decline in the virtue of the monarch or the aristocracy, as the case may be, but it is sometimes forgotten that similar evils must flow from a decline in the virtue of the many, where the majority bears sway.

II

THE British people have found, through generations of trial and error, a tolerable solution of these difficulties, in what is called Parliamentary Democracy or Representative Government. This native product does not conform rigidly to any one of the Aristotelian three forms but is an attempt to combine the merits, and avoid the "deviations" of all three. The Monarch is still the ultimate custodian of justice, mercy and honour and all major executive acts are done in the name of the Crown. The Lords are an aristocracy constantly being renewed and recruited from the common people. The common people are the final source of authority and power. It should be noticed that this is the case in all sorts of regimes. Even in the patriarchal absolutism of the Gaelic tribes, the saying "a people is stronger than its Lord" had become a proverb. The difference is that, whereas the tyrant or the oligarchy can only be disposed of by rebellion and violence, the somewhat more peaceful machinery of the general election is available to the subjects of a parliamentary democracy. This ability to change the government by peaceful and legal means lies very near to the root of the matter. It is the best practical answer to the corruptive influence of power upon the governors, because it impresses upon them that their power is but temporary. But there is more than this to be considered.

When one speaks of democracy to the ordinary inhabitant of this kingdom he thinks, not of any Aristotelian analysis, but of a complicated but familiar apparatus of King, Lords and Commons; of judges who will give him a fair hearing in his disputes with his neighbours; of trial by a jury of his equals if he is accused of crime; of policemen who are bound by the same laws as himself and are, in the main, friendly and helpful creatures. He knows that he has to endure even the worst of governments for only five years, and that during that time he can say or write what he thinks about it, so long as he avoids the extremes of blasphemy,

obscenity and downright sedition. It is this slowly evolved complex of institutions which we now describe as Western democracy. It is this system which I now propose to contrast with the so-called "new democracies" in Eastern Europe and I shall suggest to you certain simple tests by which you can resolve the question whether or not these regimes are entitled to call themselves "democratic" in any sense.

When the late Jan Masaryk suffered his mysterious fate recently, there was widely quoted a saying of his in which he stated his war-aims for Czechoslovakia, at that time held down by the Nazi tyranny. "I want," he said, "to be able to ride in a tramcar down Wenceslas Square, and say 'I don't think much of this government'." This meant that to him the return of democracy to his country involved the right to criticize the government in public without fear. It is worth while paying a little attention to this question of free speech and the freedom of the Press, to see where its real importance lies.

MUCH speech is foolish speech and some speech is downright bad. The same is true of writing. The bad cause often makes the better, or at least the easier speech. But the existence or absence of freedom in speech and writing is an infallible indication of the sort of regime which is in power in fact, whatever it may choose to call itself. We have seen that it is characteristic of a true democracy that the government can be changed without resorting to violence. This implies talk and argument about its merits and failings, for it is only by discussion that people can be persuaded to vote for or against it. On the other hand, where there is a tyranny of one man or a gang of men, there is no power in the people to change their rulers by discussion. There may be some farce of voting for a list of selected candidates, but this is a pretence which deceives nobody who is not determined to be deceived. Only a "palace revolution" can change such a government. They intend to stay there for ever. They go only when they are literally shot out of life, and so out of power. While they live and reign what they say and do is right. To a tyranny, therefore, criticism is not only irrelevant; it is obstructive. Those who indulge in it are, by the standards of tyranny, properly "liquidated", because they offend the State which is the gang in power.

The second test whereby one can distinguish between a true and a false democracy is the presence or absence of a code of law binding equally upon the governors and the governed. In a tyranny the executive has power of life and death without any right of appeal to an independent judicature. In this country, King John promised at Runnymede:

"No free man shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or sent into exile, or in any wise destroyed ; nor will we go upon him, nor send upon him, but by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land."

THE policeman must, before he enters a private dwelling, have a warrant granted by a magistrate who is himself bound by the law. If a man is detained in gaol without speedy trial, he is entitled to his writ of *habeas corpus* under a statute of Charles II. It is much different in the "new democracies". People who have escaped from the other side of the iron curtain tell of the ever-present dread of the policeman's knock at three o'clock in the morning, and the resulting disappearance of a husband, a brother or a son for ever. No legal process is available to extricate them from the toils of "the State". There is one law for the State and its agents, and another for the subjects of "the State".

These two facts, freedom of speech and the rule of declared law over both the governors and the governed are infallible tests of the true nature of the regime. They cannot be evaded by any sleight of words. Neither of these facts is compatible with tyranny. Where they are both absent, you have a tyranny, no matter what words the tyranny steals for disguise. It is no mere accident, therefore, that assaults upon democracy inevitably involve attacks on freedom of speech and upon the independence of the Judiciary.

All this is plain enough sailing. But it would be idle to assert that the practice of democracy in this or any country is free from difficulty. Indeed it bristles with dangers and insufficiencies. Its elaborate defences of freedom are a great nuisance to the administrator in a hurry. Its errors of judgment, when it is misled by garrulous and irresponsible politicians, can be calamitous. The would-be tyrant can always point to obvious flaws, delays and bungles. He can promise quicker and more "streamlined" action—if only the people will yield up their freedom. To the people, "the State" has an imposing sound. The problems of free existence are often perplexing and it is a tempting bribe to be advised to cast them on the shoulders of "the State" and, by so doing, to resign from the high status of "a free man in a free country". But "the State" is nothing more than a man, or a gang of men. Power corrupts them and absolute power corrupts them absolutely.

III

THE difficulties of democracy have in this country been mollified by a factor, the absence of which in other lands has prevented the system from flourishing when transplanted. That factor can only be called the British tradition. If one comes to think of it, only a small part of the ordinary man's life is directly influenced by the state of the statute-book of the moment. The important relations of life, between husband and wife, between parents and children, between masters and men, all have laws to regulate them in the last or extreme degrees. But the daily conduct of life does not invoke these laws. The community really runs on an inherited code of morals and behaviour. Certain kinds of conduct are admirable and others infamous. No politician or judge is invoked to distinguish one from the other. The people know. It is the tradition which makes democracy work in this kingdom.

What is the source of that tradition? What is its nature? How is it transmitted from generation to generation? These are large questions to which one can merely indicate answers. As to the source, it is to be found where Darwinians place the origin of life, in the sea. Our ancestors were, as are many of our contemporaries, seafaring men. There is nothing like a ship at sea for teaching the virtues of personal responsibility combined with obedience to the captain for the time being. If this appears fanciful, think of the psychological attitude towards their rulers of the inhabitants of the great land-masses of Asia. The Emperor of China was the Son of Heaven and the Japanese but copied this idea as they copied everything Chinese. The great Khan was succeeded by the Czar, the Little White Father, whose portrait hung beside the sacred icon. The non-committal face of M. Stalin, enormously magnified, has displaced the Little White Father but, when religion has disappeared, mere size is the indication of something superior and venerable. Nearer home, in Germany, people would talk in my youth not about "the Kaiser" but about the "All-Highest". The people who live far from the sea must deify and adore their rulers. There is something about the Atlantic seaboard which reduces all men to a common mortality while offering every scope for excellence of skill and judgment to earn its proper praise and honour. The ship's crew is the prototype of the team where, though one is captain, all count.

The nature of this complicated tradition is impossible to describe in tolerable time. I would, however, draw attention to the description of the Knight who went on the pilgrimage to Canterbury, by Chaucer, our wisest poet.

> "A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
> That fro the tyme that he first bigan
> To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,
> Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye."

He was a "worthy," that is formidable, man; he had ridden for his Lord in many wars. He had been in mortal combat in the lists three times—

> "and aye slain his foe".

> "And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
> And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
> He never yet no rilleinye ne sayde
> In all his life unto no manner wight.
> He was a verray parfit gentil knight."

THIS immortal portrait is mentioned because it seems to have the lineaments of an enduring British type, the despair of foreign observers and commentators. Truth, honour and freedom were not the only things he loved. Courtesy was just as important, and our modern world tends to forget that great virtue. Many of our dissensions would be avoided by its more general practice or, perhaps, rather by the natural attitude of mind which is the spring of courtesy—enough sympathy and understanding to glimpse the world as the other person sees it. The anonymous Irishman who is credited with the profound remark: "One man's as good as another, *if not a great deal better*," was as near the mark as we may hope to reach. If this remains with us consciously, or better unconsciously, we cannot go far wrong. This is not to say that all men are equal in ability or wisdom. The skilled fitter, ploughman or mariner is immensely superior in his craft to those who have not his skill. Equally, there are grades of ability in public affairs. Temperaments and experience vary, and a community should be a free co-operation of various excellences. The social differences arising from these disparities are inevitable, but change from generation to generation in a society rich in opportunity. They can be rendered tolerable and, indeed, made to lend colour to life, by true courtesy and a remembrance of common mortality.

How is the tradition transmitted? Mainly by the women of the race, who have an instinct, keener than that of men, for those factors which make for the survival of a race. They have charge of children for at least the first eight years of their lives and it is the code learned in these early years which governs, for good or ill, the succeeding sixty-two years of the allotted span. A feature of the code is that abuse of power over younger brothers and sisters is bad. Majorities composed of citizens thus schooled to shun the abuse of power can rule a great State. The reins of government can be safely thrown to a majority which seeks the survival of the ship or the good of the team, despite inevitable differences in status and responsibility. On the other hand, a majority which forgets these things, which snatches at what it conceives to be its own good, careless of the fate of others whom it governs, such a majority is not capable of the art of stable government.

WE can now look again at another couple of terms, much defaced and worn by propaganda. These are freedom and liberty. Freedom is the more kindly word to English ears. Universally accepted until recently as a noble idea, it has now become twisted to mean merely the absence of something more or less generally disliked. Thus one could almost be understood to-day if one said that the government had conferred upon us freedom from rice puddings and was on the high road to granting us freedom from cigarettes, from beer and from petrol. This was not what the word meant to those who died for it in the past so that we might have now what it meant to them then. Those who are learned in etymology tell us that "freedom" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "freon" which means simply "to love". Our word "friend" is from the same root. The free man is your friend, the man you can trust, a man of the right sort, needing no official to tell him his duty. Liberty is the Latin *libertas* and connected with *liberi* meaning children or members of the same household; people in a special relationship, whose goodwill and good conduct could be taken for granted because of special ties of affection. The high status of freedom is, therefore, earned by affection and it dissolves at once without it. It is quite incompatible with Marxism and is the first casualty in the class-war. But it is the only climate in which character and personality can develop and flourish and in which human happiness can be found. Its establishment in our society was effected by the sacrifice and toil of men, who rejected as insufficient for their posterity those authoritarian regimes which have become popular again in some quarters.

IV

IT is not too difficult to relate the foregoing reflections to our present Party-political situation. It is a frequent jibe of those who now rule us that "the Tories have

no policy". This is a device inherited from late Victorian politics. The truth is that the Socialists have the policy of Marxism and nothing beyond it. They have done nothing in the realm of real social reform which was not elaborated by the older parties, though they have contrived to give a Marxian twist even to these proposals, so as to arouse resentment and opposition where neither of these emotions need have been engendered.

It is true that they have engrossed more and more power to the State, which is themselves. The business of production, distribution and exchange is rapidly becoming the perquisite of the few, rather than the vocation and means of livelihood of the many. This brings with it a spirit of distrust in the ordinary man and the effect of this is to depress the ordinary man's confidence in himself and to decrease his power to produce. He is tempted to turn more and more to the contemplation of his grievances and to listen to those who are willing to expatiate upon them. If the Trades Unions refuse to stoop to this, there are "shop stewards" who feel no such inhibitions. Though "industrial disputes" are few, "unofficial strikes" are many.

In this Marxist rake's progress, the old bond of mutual respect and goodwill, which alone makes freedom a reality, is eroded. Democracy therefore ceases to cohere voluntarily. The standards of personal conduct which alone can maintain it become suspected and degraded, and the worthiness of human personality falls lower in the scale of relative values.

IT is clear that many British Labour Party politicians see whereto they are being led by their uncritical ingurgitation of the theories of the refugee German. Mr. Attlee, at the most recent conference of his Party, spoke wisely against those within it who urged him to take "short cuts". He warned them that people might "forget the habit of democracy". But as recently as 1933, Mr. Attlee was urging the supersession of elected local governments by agents of the central government who would "be Socialists" and he was "not afraid" of the obvious rejoinder that these "might be like Russian Commissars". It is a curious thing to observe that he would probably have been greatly offended if anyone had accused him of wishing to install "Gauleiter" in our cities and counties. From the point of view of democracy there is no difference between the Commissar and the Gauleiter.

Perhaps this may indicate what the Conservative Party exists to conserve. It is an old polity, worked out by men who were in their day and generation as virtuous and far-seeing as most of us can hope to be. They did not only devise a system of laws, but ground out of experience a knowledge of human nature, and strove to make the system conform to what was best in that nature. No true Conservative is deluded by the belief that a change in systems of government will work a miraculous improvement in his personal happiness. He must always seek his happiness in himself and his grasp of life. But he will turn his back on hatred and envy as debasing things, militating against happiness. He will rejoice in the achievements of his fellow freemen, and prize that affection for them, without which all excellence of political contrivance is "become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal".

Fig. 1. NEAR PLYMPTON, 1813. BY P. H. ROGERS (1794-1853)

THE OLD BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land.

By M. H. GRANT

Illustrated by Paintings by some of the Artists mentioned in the Text

FAR and wide have roved our old British landscape painters; to India, William Hodges, the three Daniells, Plowden; to China and the Pacific Isles, George Chinnery; to Australia, Thomas Webber; to Tasmania, J. Glover; to South Africa, J. C. Ibbetson, Havell, and William Westall; to Egypt, William James and David Roberts; to Cyrenaica, de Loutherbourg; to Greece, William Linton, "Grecian" Williams, and Wray.

Far and wide indeed, and in marvellous odysseys considering difficulties, dangers, discomforts and expenses, not too endurable in our day and almost insupportable in theirs. Europe itself, of course, was dotted *passim* with British easels and the quiet figures beside them, Italy alone claiming half our roll of painters, from Richard Wilson downwards, for only in time, not genius, could any hope to precede him who painted Italy better than the best of her own or any other artists, though the Frenchman Claude rose nearly to his reading, whilst J. M. W. Turner wavered so pyrotechnically about the chart that none could say for certain whether he touched "set fair" or not. Nor was America neglected; Charles Catton and Joshua Shaw, good painters each, both sojourned and worked there, a good exchange for Benjamin West, Trumbull, C. R. Leslie, Gilbert Stuart and W. Allston, who made the eastern passage, and made good.

But even as early as the reign of Charles II the great new Continent had seen at work a fine old painter who, if not of British birth, became a Briton of Britons in his art, Gerard Edema, who underlined his naturalization here by painting constantly in Devon and dying of drink there. Norway, Sweden and Russia welcomed in their frigid way Charles Fox of Falmouth; Germany P. H. Rogers, liking him so well that amongst the earliest works to be hung in the great royal gallery at Munich were examples of this man from Plymouth, alongside others by Sir D. Wilkie, whose interesting adventures into Landscape have been too long overlooked.

In short, "the wide, wide world" itself was not too wide for British painters who in that day of formidable travel roamed its very confines, its jungles, mountains, its snowfields and torrid deserts far more frequently than the moderns who can survey from China to Peru in a few hours' planeing alleviated by drinks and doctors, by pretty "hostesses" and magnificent hostels. The home-born artist of our day stays mostly at home; *and he is right.*

THERE is no doubt whatever that *pace* Whistler, who denied frontiers to art as much as to mathematics, painting, landscape painting at any rate, is racy of its own soil and of no other. It is invariably unmistakably true to its own national *modus*. In the light of what was written above about Italy and Wilson this may seem a contradiction, but even of Italy Wilson painted nothing finer than or so fine as his *Snowdon* or *Carnarvon* or *Pembroke*. Moreover, his greatest, indeed all of his Italian masterpieces, are painted in a thoroughly British technique, the northern or Teuton technique, in his case derived undoubtedly from Cuyp, and not the southern, the Latin technique of Italy's native and French practitioners. So obvious is this that any painter's national derivative can be ascribed at a glance, or even a long-

Fig. 1. NEAR PLYMPTON, 1813. BY P. H. ROGERS (1794-1853)

Fig. II. ULLSWATER, 1792. BY T. WALMSLEY (1763-1805)

distance view from the end of a gallery. Style may not "be the *Man*", indeed is often antithetic to the man himself—witness the habitual serenity on canvas of the notoriously choleric de Wint, Constable and Wilson himself—but style is indubitably and invariably the *Country*; it is as impossible to disguise it as to hope to conceal in talking to a Frenchman that you are not French. There is a language of the brush, the pigment, the lay-out, the I know not what which belongs to one nation's craftsmen and to no other's. It is as obvious in architecture or in furniture as in painting. And it is that which is best suited to the nation which owns it. The British painter who attempts to work in a foreign manner is a fool because he must be a failure; however he may ape the contortions of his selected Sybil, his speech betrayeth his lack of her inspiration. To daub in Chelsea "like" Sisley, or Monet, or Signac, or Gauguin is easy enough, indeed is often achieved by clever children; but the results will deceive no one who has penetrated the real mastery of those masters.

Nor need the British landscape painter ever leave Great Britain. There his genius, if he have any, will breathe its native air, and breathe it amongst scenery as magnificent as any in the world. The Himalayas are not finer, and far less picturesque (i.e., suitable for picture-making) than the Langdales, the Cuillins or the Cairn Gorms; the New Forest shows a thousand tender tints and tones unseen in the jungles of Ceylon or amid the pines of Norway; does the Ganges make a better picture than the Thames, or the veld of Africa than the suave harmonies of

Fig. III. WILLERSLEY CASTLE, DERBY. BY J. WRIGHT OF DERBY (1734-1797)

Salisbury Plain or Mousehold Heath, the latter sacrosanct to John Crome, whose only poor picture of all his *œuvre* is a view in Paris!

"England, my England" should be the motto of our painters, and of course it has largely so been. And not merely England, but specific spots therein have rightly preoccupied them from the earliest times. "Topographical Painting" is the sneer of the highbrows; it is the boast of the English School and of the best men in it. Hœfnagel's *Pontefract Castle* and *Bermondsey* in the reign of Elizabeth, the two *Richmonds* of Vinckenboons, another *Pontefract* by de Momper in James I's time, these were Gossips of the Prime to an unbroken series of "Views", unbroken, but sadly tapered to this day.

THE eighteenth century enjoyed the zenith of the cult. Then scarcely anything but transcripts of notable scenes were to be seen on the Exhibition walls; then, too, appeared the battalions of topographical volumes crowded with illustrations by artists of repute, and often of enormous folio size, whilst reams of separate engravings, such as the sets after T. Smith of Derby, William Bellers, the Smiths of Chichester, P. Sandby, William Marlow and hosts beside, loaded the shelves of the printsellers, to be quickly unloaded to make room for more. Nor were all these merely bald Views; they were fine pictures, Wilson himself not disdaining to furnish them in plenty and with the utmost exactitude as to fidelity; in fact at first, as in his *Dover* of 1746, a *Putney* of about the same date, a *Northop* and a *Caergwele* even

FIG. IV. ON THE THIGN, 1841. BY W. TRAILL (1780-1872)

earlier he seemed about to become merely a superior Samuel Scott, so *naïf* and photographic were his transcriptions of homely homeland scenes. Turner, too, again in his younger days supplied these things in hundreds, never, indeed, ceasing to supply them, though his polychromatic obsession, and "*my forte* is indistinctness*" of his maturity often rendered his localities as mysterious as himself. Intermingled with this army of view paintings came the Guide Books, beginning quite early with Pennant, with West's *Lakes*, volumes again illustrated by established artists, and often so sumptuously appointed as to rank as volumes *de luxe*; these attended through a long series of years by the drawing-room Annuals, those scented *bibelots* the sole and great merit of which were the delicate engravings of tourist's scenery which interlarded their egregious letterpress. All these sources and many besides fed the insatiable appetite of the public for views of their own, their native land, which even to-day appears not to be gorged but whetted by the masses of picture postcards of every nook and corner in the Islands.

The great majority of our landscapists, then, have been not only patriots but chauvinists in their art. Even the above quoted wanderers, Hodges, the Daniells and the rest, when "home their footsteps they had turned", produced far more native stuff than they ever had foreign, sometimes, as with William Daniell, de Loutherbourg and Westall, in the shape of noble tomes of local travel. Only very few deserted England altogether, as P. Rogers did for economy's sake; but his heart was in his native Devon where he had made such sweet paintings as that here illustrated; whilst of Catton and Shaw, who became Americans, we know nothing artistically of them there, but plenty here in the delightful works they left behind them in and of this country. Poor old John Glover emigrated too, to Tasmania, but neither old age nor distance prevented that miracle of a man, twenty-stone but the best mountaineer of his day, from sending his pictures home to the annual exhibitions. And what a host of abbeys, castles, mansions had he shown here before he disapeared; and amusing it is to see the same meticulated foliage, done with split brush bristles, which had wavered over Kirkstall or Lanthony applied to the gum trees of Hobart, twelve-thousand miles away.

Not only England, but her counties, even her townships possessed their local landscapists, often so localized also in manner as to be easily recognized. Who but a Devon man could have made Tom Traies' delicious *Teign* (Fig. IV), or who but one from Derbyshire, the home of the great primitive Thomas Smith, "the first to depict the beauties of his native land", could reproduce Willersley (Fig. III), the mansion of the Arkwrights in the very atmosphere of that peculiar county. The Lakes had a School almost of their own, drawn from many sources, but moulded into a territorial style of remarkable affinity. Walmsley (Fig. II) was an Irishman, Ibbetson a Yorkshireman, Rathbone from Manchester, Hofland from Worksop, T. Smith and Joseph Wright from Derby, de Loutherbourg was born a Pole, but one and all in Cumberland, Westmorland and Lancashire fell into a mode which seemed to be imposed by the scenery itself, so that it is not always easy to decide on the authorship of their respective transcripts. Yorkshire, too, had its native stylism, strongly hall-marked; the two Cuitts, Joseph Rhodes, Ibbetson, Swanfelder, J. Halfpenny all worked remarkably alike and differently from other county men. Etty, our greatest nudist, was a Yorkshireman too, but sophisticated, as he said, by "Venice, the cradle of colour"; yet every year when on holiday in Yorkshire he made a set of little local landscapes, enough to furnish a one-man-show which he would humorously arrange in his bedroom at hospitable Acomb. He actually instituted at the School of Art in York a prize for the best bit of *intimate* Landscape—hedgerow weeds and flowers—than which, as said elsewhere, Constable would have chosen no otherwise.

THE mention of John Constable brings us at once into the very heart and core of British Landscape. In all his magnificent *œuvre* there does not appear a single foreign

* Not *fault*, as usually quoted

Fig. IV. ON THE TEIGN, 1841. BY W. TRAIES (1780-1872)

scene. He is the quintessential Englishman, whether on a few inches of panel or on the "six-foot canvas" before which timely legacies enabled him to "stand at ease, thank God". Moreover he, too, was a local, even a parochial. Thoroughly at home only in East Anglia, he felt himself a foreigner even in The Lakes, painting differently there and not half so well, just as Old Crome had painted there differently and inferiorly twenty years before. He indignantly repudiated pictorial "temperament". "Inspiration," he growled to one accusing him of it on a canvas, "I meant it to be *drawing*, Sir." Nevertheless, there were some amongst his compeers who not only assumed inspiration but possessed it. Frank Danby, for instance, whose remarkable studies of meteorological moods are strangely neglected to-day, though such a temperamental "fan" as Sir T. Lawrence thought so highly of them as to double the price asked by the artists for the purchase of his *Storm*. His *Dawn from Hampstead Heath* here illustrated (Fig. V) is but a small sample of a genuine passion revealed almost in torment on many a brooding canvas, but nowhere better than here on the exact spot, The Firs, last remnant of primeval forest, where Constable often sat and looked and sketched too across to distant Harrow, but repelling sternly "inspiration" in favour of "drawing" so masterly as to achieve it nevertheless. There were, of course, many pretenders to temperament, and amongst them some famous names. De Wint, for example, calmest of painters if most irascible of men, discharged some terrible volleys of scarlet and gamboge over the heavens and earth; so did poor Cotman in his desperate endeavour to "arrive"; so also, with bated breath be it said, did Turner, though only an American could be brave enough to designate some of the great man's work as "d—d claptrap"! Truly it is becoming clear to-day that Turner is greatest, or great only, not in his flames and smoke and "charmed foam" (Feuillet de Conches), but in the repose and ineffable beauty of such dreams, nay not dreams but such *truth*, as his *Abingdon*, *Sun Rising in a Mist*, the lovely *Mortlake*, the *Frosty Morning*, and scores besides, the purest harmonies the world has ever heard, "or ever will hear" as Sir G. Grove wrote of Beethoven's "tunes". And how utterly *British* are these masterpieces, homely spots, even vulgar spots, holiday spots, industrial spots, amidst these Turner "nothing common does or mean" but on the contrary changes them from clay to gold, the gold that is in everything earthly when the rare alchemist comes along to refine it out for us. Wilson could do this, too, but his "magnificence", as Constable called it, is less ethereal than Turner's English mist; so also could Sir A. Callcott, much of whose work, again obscured to-day, ranks near to Turner's in its serene transcription of drowsy summer mornings; near, but not too near, for Callcott could be "empty", which Turner never was. "If emptiness were breadth, breadth would be easy enough," said that acute critic Fuseli, it requires a first-rater to strike the balance. Oddly enough, profusion may not fill a canvas, witness Glover, nor blanks impoverish it, witness John Crome, or Velasquez so gaunt and so great in his too few landscapes; which thing is a mystery, the mystery of all Fine Art. In perfect balance of much and little perhaps Gainsborough may bear the palm. Even in his early time, when he was practically a Hollander, there is nothing *wanting* in his simple scheme; the dense complexity of the *Watering Place*, his late *magnum opus*, presents not an item too much for all its intricacy. But he learned and adopted his mature practice from a now dingy old forebear, John Wootton, who, too, knew how to fill a great canvas with bronze-green, just as Wilson had learned from antique George Lambert that pellucid skies and broad terrains make pictures grateful to the eye and restful to the spirit.

WHAT, then, may be broadly summed up for or against the old British School of Landscape. *Against*, nothing; unless it be against it to say that for the most part it does not attain to High Art, but only to good Art. *For*, that its main attributes are its truth, its simplicity, its humility, and its nationality. Its representations are like England, exceedingly like particular spots in England, and carried out as unobtrusively as

English folk and English scenes carry themselves, yielding only to scrutiny and long acquaintance. To this there is but one exception in the School, namely, the ultimate Turner when he deserted to the worship of the god Spectrum, the true god of an altogether different science and therefore a false god to a painter. A few fell with him, smaller Angels such as J. B. Pyne and E. J. Niemann, proving indeed the fallacy of his idolatry by closely resembling him in his worst and their best things. The facility to imitate closely the technique of the *Phryne* or the *Trojan Fleet*, a feat constantly achieved, is the best and the worst testimony against it. There are dozens of such "*Turners*" floating about the "market", damned by this critic, accepted by that, and one and all of the same efflorescent type. No one has attempted to *pastiche* the *Mortlake*, for it and its like are uncopiable, and the hardiest *pasticheurs* well know it.

Turner apart then, and only a part of him, we have in the School of the past enough truth to illustrate Guide Books, enough beauty to satisfy the most ardent Hedonist, enough sobriety and restraint to provide a "harvest to the quiet eye". Its first-rate masters are, of course, as scarce as in any School in the world; its real strength lies in the high standard of the minor vessels of the fleet, in which it excels both in numbers and quality any other nationality what and wheresoever. That Britain is so little aware of this heritage and property is not surprising in a nation whose average citizen knows and cares little or nothing of his country's assets and history, of her great deeds and great men, and even largely of her great buildings and scenery. Apart, then, from Turner, Constable and Gainsborough, literally these three only, even the bare names of the some nine hundred fine old landscape painters who comprise our roll are unknown in the street and scarcely in the picture mart. Well, the riches are there; another century or so and they will be there no longer from neglect.

Fig. V. THE FIRS, HAMPSTEAD, DAWN. BY E. DANBY, A.R.A. (1793-1861)

PARLIAMENTARY CONTROL OF THE NATIONALIZED INDUSTRIES

By JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER*

MR. EMMANUEL SHINWELL has an engaging if intermittent frankness. His recent admission that those who for years had been advocating nationalization had failed sufficiently to think out its practical application has authority. Mr. Shinwell was the Minister in charge of the Coal and Electricity Nationalization Bills. The fact that the party of planners failed to plan their own policy of nationalization is due to the fact that they never attempted, or at least never succeeded, in agreeing what they meant by nationalization. To the bulk of politically-minded workers in the industries concerned, nationalization meant removing the owners and transferring ownership to the State but control to the workers in the industry. To many of the bourgeois intellectuals it meant state ownership and control by a government department, on the lines of the Post Office. The expedient of a partially independent monopoly corporation was a recent development drawn largely from experience of the B.B.C. and L.P.T.B. To men who had decided on nationalization as an article of faith, without bothering about what that faith meant, this expedient seemed to offer a method of carrying out nationalization while avoiding the more obvious difficulties inherent in the older proposals.

But they failed to provide for control. Mr. Herbert Morrison on 7th July of this year said "we have to learn in this matter as we go along". A designer of motor cars who failed to provide adequate controls when he produced a vehicle would hardly continue long in business.

THE problem is easy to state. It is generally recognized that it is essential to the efficient functioning of any large organization that those who control it should be subject to criticism and to sanctions for failure. It is equally recognized that it is essential to the protection of the community that checks should be imposed on those who manage great monopolies. In the case of departments of State these needs are met by parliamentary criticism and the responsibility of ministers. In the case of public companies there is the annual meeting, not always very effective but still offering some opportunity for criticism and control, and, more valuable, the right of dissatisfied shareholders to dispose of their shares. If sufficient shareholders do this they not only free themselves from any contact with the company in question, but if enough of them do so the company will have either to change its policy or face ruin.

The importance of securing adequate control varies with the body concerned. In the case of small organizations the need for control is proportionately small. For if a small concern is mismanaged and fails, only a few people suffer, and the customers can go elsewhere. Equally a small concern can often be safely left in the hands of a single competent manager. But the nationalized industries are very large concerns with monopoly powers. The failure of any one of them does grave injury to the national economy. And their size, far beyond that over which a single man can hope to exercise effective control, renders them susceptible to the arthritic rigidity of bureaucratic torpor.

Their present situation reminds one of the old saying that having neither soul to be saved nor body to be kicked they are immune from the only two sanctions of decent conduct. There are, of course, no shareholders to meet, nor is there any connection between their operations and the market price of the government stock issued to the former owners. And save on the biggest questions of policy they are now, in practice, immune from parliamentary question.

**Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter is Conservative M.P. for Kingston-upon-Thames.*

THIS situation was certainly not expected by the bulk of the government's parliamentary supporters when they trooped into the lobbies to vote for the nationalization bills. And they have good excuse for their failure to understand this consequence of their action. All the major nationalization bills give to the appropriate minister two main powers over the nationalized industry. He can give a "general direction" to the Board, and they are bound to obey him. And he has an unlimited power to demand information. It was, therefore, reasonable to assume that any information which the House of Commons required, or which any Member of the House sought to obtain by Parliamentary Question, would be provided. But when such questions were first asked the ministers concerned, and in particular the Ministers of Transport and Fuel and Power, began to reply that they would not give or obtain the information for which they were asked. They based this refusal on their intention not to interfere with "the day-to-day administration" of the industry. They construed requests for information, as distinguished from action, as involving such interference. There is a rule of practice of the House of Commons that where a minister has refused to answer a question on a certain subject, or sometimes group of subjects, other questions on this subject or group cannot be placed on the Order Paper of the House. The authorities of the House interpreted this as covering, in this case, not only requests to a minister to exercise his statutory power of obtaining information, but also to exercise his other power, that of issuing a general direction where this appeared likely to involve "day-to-day administration" of the industry.

In practice, therefore, it became impossible even to place on the Order Paper, never mind to obtain an answer, the vast majority of questions on the subject of the nationalized industries. No one was more surprised and indignant than Mr. Solley, the Socialist lawyer who represents Thurrock, when he discovered in May of this year that he could not place on the Paper a question on the subject of the closing by the Transport Commission of a complete railway station in his constituency. And this paradoxical result of nationalization is the more striking by reason of the fact that before the vesting of the railways in public ownership on 1st January this year under the Transport Bill, it had been possible to ask and obtain an answer to such detailed questions as "why was the 8.15 late this morning?".

THIS situation had arisen by reason of the attitude of ministers. The authorities of the House applied the existing rules. But the indignation of members of all parties was such that the ever agile Mr. Herbert Morrison saw that it was necessary to yield ground. But good tactician that he is he arranged to yield as little as possible while preserving on the number of occasions on which this question was raised by members his favourite pose of the reasonable parliamentarian. On 7th June, 1948, the Speaker made an important statement. In the course of this he said that in view of the new problems arising from the nationalized industries he proposed notwithstanding the effect of the rules mentioned in the preceding paragraph, to allow questions about the nationalized industries to be placed on the Order Paper "provided that, in my opinion, the matters are of sufficient public importance to justify this concession". "Public importance" is, of course, a test whose application can give rise to genuine differences of opinion. The dismissal of one man may raise an issue of immense public importance, or may be of no importance except to the man concerned. It is in the latter category if the grounds are his incompetence at his job; the former if his political opinions or refusal to join a particular Trade Union are the real grounds. It is early to say how the new rule works. The closing of a number of pits in Yorkshire and the National Union of Mineworkers design to impose a closed shop in the mining industry have been admitted under the rule. Questions of cheap fares and announcements of a general but inaccurate character by the Transport Commission have been excluded. But it is clear that on any construction of the words "sufficient public importance", the vast majority of

questions which members would wish to put must inevitably be excluded.

SO far I have dealt with this subject solely from the point of view of the parliamentary question. It is the fact that the rules of procedure are much stricter in connection with questions than in connection with other forms of parliamentary action. Many, if not all of the matters excluded from the purview of questions could be discussed in those miniature debates which take place on the Motion for the Adjournment. They could also be raised if and when the Annual Reports of the nationalized industries are debated. But there are two problems which arise. In the first place efficient and critical discussion of a great organization depends on the possession of detailed information. If this cannot be obtained by Parliamentary Question, members are dependent either on the formal reports of the Board of the industry concerned or on "leakages" from friends who work in the industry. Both these are unsatisfactory. An Annual Report will not, in the nature of things, bring out in detail the errors committed by those who make it, or go out of its way to reveal the fundamental unsoundness of a system from which the authors of the report obtain their livelihood. "Leakages" involve breaches of trust, and may well be coloured by personal grievance. The second difficulty is that of parliamentary time. The present government has control of the timetable of the House. It has not accepted the argument of the Opposition that it is the duty of the Government to provide a parliamentary day for the discussion of the Annual Report of each nationalized industry. The theoretical right, therefore, of Parliament to discuss the affairs of these industries on their reports may in practice be rendered nugatory by the denial of time. Consequently, the Parliamentary Question is the only reliable weapon.

The "iron curtain" which it is clearly the intention of the Government to drape discretely around the rheumatic limbs of their nationalized darlings has been defended on the grounds both that ministerial interference should be reduced to a minimum and that the full right of parliamentary inquiry would make the efficient operation of those industries impossible. The first objection confuses information with action. It would be perfectly possible for ministers to exercise, on behalf of Parliament, the full rights to obtain information which they are given by the nationalization statutes without taking action to interfere with detailed administration. It might be awkward for ministers to have to disclose something which was clearly wrong while saying they didn't propose to do anything to put it right. But mere ministerial embarrassment is no valid reason for the denial of information. And, in fact, ministers who have the power to appoint and dismiss the members of the Boards can, in practice, intervene whenever they wish. The pretence of non-interference merely results, in the technical sense, in irresponsible interference, i.e., an action for which Parliament is unable to hold them responsible. The argument that the full right of parliamentary question would paralyse the working of the industries is an unreal one. This full right does not paralyse the armed forces, nor are the faults of the Post Office attributable to the fact that every detail of its operations may be the subject matter of inquiry. And not only does the corporate good sense of the House of Commons prevent the abuse which an excessive use of the right to question would undoubtedly produce, but there is also the safeguard which is created by the undoubted right of ministers to refuse to answer trivial and futile questions. But there is all the difference in the world between the refusal to answer a question, for which refusal the minister has publicly to accept responsibility, and the impossibility of asking a question on the subject at all.

BUT even if it is conceded that the full right of parliamentary criticism and control may have its practical disadvantages, it surely does not lie in the mouths of those who have created the problem by nationalizing the industry to put forward such difficulties as a reason for escaping from any effecting control at all. By the act of nationalizing an industry they have both destroyed

the previous control of this industry and have made its efficient running a responsibility of the Government of the day. It is intolerable that having brought about this situation, having put these industries under the control of men who in many cases are political appointments, and having retained that decisive power of appointment and dismissal in their own hands, ministers should seek on the pretext of a non-existent independence of these Boards to insulate and isolate them from any effective control. Not only must such freedom from criticism result in inefficiency, but also a House of Commons which consented to be deprived of the right to be fully informed of the doings of great nationally owned undertakings of vast national importance could be guilty of dereliction of duty. The onus is on a Government which has seen fit to nationalize these enterprises to work out a proper technique for their control by the representatives of the public. Or, if that is too difficult, they can abandon nationalization. But they can't have this great big cake and hide it in a dark cupboard.

SONNET

ON THE DIVINE POETS, HERBERT AND CRASHAW

HILLS lift their lofty heads high o'er the vale;
Trees higher rise, crowning each rocky crest;
Upon the topmost branches falcons rest;
And higher still the golden eagles sail.
Above them, clouds, where wings of eagles fail,
Fly to sleep's covert in the rosy west.
Light fades; clouds pass; and lo! the stars invest
The vault: celestial fire-flies, flickering, pale.
So men seek wisdom's palace past the stars,
Scaling to various heights the vast ascent:
Far from the goal they weary, still unwise.
But, leaping space and Time's last barriers,
These poets took the way that Angels went,
And more than wisdom found—in Paradise.

CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

NOTES FROM OVERSEAS

Mr. Hugh Molson, M.P., has recently returned from a visit to Trieste, and the following are his impressions*

WHEN so many of the controversial problems of Europe seem further from a solution than ever, it is pleasant to re-visit Trieste after two and a half years and find a general and undeniable improvement in the situation. Credit for this is partly due to a firm and enlightened administration, but the chief cause of the improvement is the statement of the three Western Powers of the 20th March, 1948, that they advocate the return of the Free Territory of Trieste to Italy.

It is unnecessary, or at least there is no space, to refer to the tangled history which is the background to the dispute regarding the frontier between Yugoslavia and Italy. That frontier was clearly destined to divide the Slav-Communist area under Russian influence from an Italy which the Western Powers hoped with justification would be associated with the Western democratic way of life. The fierceness of local hatreds is illustrated by the fact that large numbers of nameless bodies are still being found at the bottom of deep pot-holes in Venezia Giulia —one alone containing as many as four hundred corpses. The town of Trieste is a modern commercial port, plentifully endowed with banks, insurance companies and merchant houses of the Western kind, while the hinterland is largely peopled by Slovene peasants extracting some sort of living from the rocky and infertile soil.

THE compromise between the claims of Italy and Jugoslavia which established the Free Territory of Trieste was defended on the ground that it was the only possible settlement and that any decision less favourable to Yugoslavia would be opposed by force of arms. But history does not tell of many cases of Free Territories having proved a satisfactory expedient, and in Trieste the experiment is now unlikely to be put into full operation.

The Treaty with Italy provided for a permanent constitution of the F.T.T. coming into effect as soon as a Governor had been nominated. One other brief clause of the Treaty provides that during the interim period—no doubt expected to be a matter of days or weeks—the Territory "shall continue to be administered by the Allied Military Commands within their respective zones". (Article 1 of Annexe 7.) This interim constitution has now been operating since the 15th September, 1947, because the Great Powers cannot agree upon a Governor, and since the Western Powers now propose the retrocession of the Territory, it is likely to continue until that retrocession takes place.

A system, therefore, intended for the administration of that great part of Venezia Giulia extending up to Austria which came under Allied Control when the Yugoslav army withdrew to the east of the Morgan Line, has now only to deal with that very restricted area called the Free Territory around the town of Trieste which has not been ceded to Italy or to Yugoslavia. The F.T.T. is itself now divided into the British-United States Zone on the west and the Yugoslav Zone on the east, and the division follows the Morgan Line where it passes through the F.T.T. The Allied Military Government at first regarded itself merely as a caretaker administration and was, therefore, not justified either in modifying its constitution to the more economic model, which would be appropriate to its diminutive territory, or in introducing democratic reforms. With the prospect now of indefinite duration, A.M.G. has abolished the redundant office of the Zone Commissioner which supervised local government, and it is now introducing an electoral system. This seems a proper action by an administration representing the Western Democracies.

* *Mr. Hugh Molson, is Conservative M.P. for the High Peak Division of Derbyshire*

THE Declaration of the 20th March, 1948, immediately raised the morale of the Italian majority of the population. It was a shrewd stroke, but its beneficial effect has been even greater than the three Foreign Ministers could have foreseen because of the dispute between Marshal Tito and the Cominform. It had required all Togliatti's diplomatic skill to enable the Italian Communist Party to toe the line laid down by the Kremlin without hopelessly exacerbating Italian nationalist sentiments amongst his supporters. Now that Tito is out of favour in Moscow, and the Italian Communist Party is one of the most cherished of the Fifth Columns in the West, it is not likely that Moscow will continue to oppose Italian claims to Trieste.

I was unable to obtain any expression of opinion from Communists in Trieste upon the subject; such is the danger of falling into doctrinal error that prudent Communists do not hazard a guess as to the Party line until they have it in writing. There is, in fact, little doubt what that line will be.

Although the new sense of stability in Trieste is mainly due to this change of policy on the part of the Western Powers, it would be wrong not to recognize the beneficial effect of A.M.G.'s firm, impartial and constructive administration.

The Venezia Giulia police force can bear comparison with any in the world. Starting from nothing, British and American officers have raised a fine body of men who, despite having lost seven killed and many wounded, have now made Trieste more orderly than any ordinary Italian town. Cruising wireless cars, an efficient system of communications, firm tactical handling of crowds have enabled the police to obtain ascendancy over disorderly elements and have won the confidence of the people. The force also mans the frontier posts, collects customs, exercises fiscal supervision of the port, patrols the fishing grounds and has taken over from the military the protection of vital points, thereby freeing the soldiers for the training which under the present system of military service has to be undertaken by overseas garrisons.

ECONOMICALLY Trieste is dependent upon its harbour which was built up by the Austro-Hungarian Empire and lacks any hinterland other than Central Europe and the Balkans. It is, therefore, inevitable that there should be considerable unemployment and the damage done to such industrial establishments as exist has naturally added to the problem. Remarkable work has, however, been done in restoring the Aquila Oil Refineries whose output now greatly exceeds that before the war, and scrap from the large number of sunken ships in the harbour is being used to restart the Ilva and other steel works. A.M.G. has shown imagination in organizing public works, in encouraging by loans and otherwise the rebuilding and modernization of industry and even in promoting new ideas like the netting of fish in the canals.

The F.T.T. is, of course, a deficit area with revenue not greatly exceeding one-third of the expenditure. The Italian Government has, however, shown itself reasonable in negotiation. From the beginning it has provided the currency needed, but it was not quite clear what country should ultimately finance the deficit. By an agreement dated the 9th March, 1948, the Italian Government agreed to provide the finances necessary to meet the needs of the F.T.T. administration. It is proof of the farsighted reasonableness of the Italian Government that this agreement was signed before the statement of the 20th March and, indeed, before the Italian Government knew that it would be made.

Theatre

THREE FILMS AND A CLASSIC

BY HUBERT GRIFFITH

THE WINSLOW BOY, by Terence Rattigan. (*Film.*)

ESTHER WATERS, by George Moore. (*Film.*)

FALLEN IDOL, by Graham Greene. (*Film.*)

MEDEA, by Euripides. (*Globe Theatre.*)

ONCE or twice a year, and for a week or two at a time, I am let loose to deputize for one of my colleagues, the film critics; and I find this variant from the nightly round, the common toil of the theatres both salutary and stimulating. But when it is combined with theatre-going in the evenings as well, it can also be exhausting.

The normal day of the film-plus-theatre critic goes something like this. About 10.30 a.m., a film, shown to the couple of score of people who constitute the critical fraternity, usually in one of the larger London super-cinemas. It may be, and often is, a Hollywood so-called "musical" in glorious technicolor. The impact of American lushness, in a vast and darkened house, before a handful of people at that sombre hour of the morning, can have an effect that is eerie –and some would go further and say definitely unsettling to the nerves and digestion.

This can be followed, and again often is, by an elaborate and expensive lunch at a Jermyn-street restaurant, given to the critics by the film-company concerned. (I think that this is neither given nor taken in any more sense of bribery and corruption than is the quick drink that the theatre critic is offered by the theatre management in an act interval. Both are matters of tradition; and the great film companies have obviously less need to consider their overhead expenses.)

In the afternoon there is another film, possibly a sober and serious piece of film-making, again usually followed by some mild sort of party; and then the film-cum-drama critic is turned adrift with just not enough time to get home and changed, with but an hour or so to kill, before proceeding to the evening's dramatic spectacle, which may be either a musical comedy or the "*Medea.*"

It may be mentioned that all this glut of variegated entertainment has to be crammed into the first four days of the week, sometimes half a dozen films and four consecutive first-nights, because most Sunday papers like their copy by, at latest, Friday morning –and by Thursday afternoon if they can get it. I admit that I find it exhilarating for as much as a fortnight at a time; but how certain colleagues who follow the routine for fifty weeks a year keep their verve and freshness, is something of a wonder.

My luck happened to be "in" in a recent fortnight, and I found three films that I saw (all of them, incidentally, British) much more interesting than anything happening in the theatre-world over the same period.

The first was "*The Winslow Boy*", a film version of Mr. Terence Rattigan's well-known stage-play, and therefore an admirable covert-hack for a professional dramatic critic to ride to the Meet on. Here was a straight case of "how far was it as good as, or less good than, or better than, a stage-play that was fresh in one's memory in considerable detail?" It seemed to me as good, as a dramatic whole, and in some smaller respects better–one gets in more detail the horrible nerve-strain that the celebrated law-case, protracted over years, had on each member of the boy's family.

You may remember the story–a re-hash of the Archer-Shee case, circa, 1912. A young Osborne Cadet–almost an infant, he was barely thirteen–was had up, on very slender evidence, on a charge of stealing five shillings; and, unrepresented by any defence, was dismissed from the Navy in disgrace. The boy's father believed in his

innocence; and so did one of the most eminent K.C.'s of the day, Sir Edward Carson, who fought the case as far as the floor of the House of Commons, and got the good name of the infant cleared. A notable example of the ways of British justice,–a spectacular vindication of the basic principle of "fair trial"–and a very dramatic story. I am glad that as tens of thousands of Londoners took the chance of seeing it in the theatre, scores of thousands of others will now have the chance of seeing it up and down England in cinemas. To say that neither the story nor the characters were traduced is only to say that the director of the film was Mr. Anthony Asquith.

I have only one serious criticism. In the play the K.C., before deciding to take the case, puts the boy through a private and mercilessly brutal cross-examination, reducing him to tears, and leaving the audience with no other alternative than to believe that he is guilty. He then suddenly leaves the stage, announcing that he will take the case as the boy is manifestly innocent! Astonishment of the audience, and a most effective curtain! But later in the play, when asked, he explains that in his cross-examination he deliberately left the boy three or four quite valid avenues of escape, and that in each instance the boy refused to avail himself of them. Therefore the boy was speaking the truth. Now this is both good psychology and good drama, and moreover made sense of what the audience could not otherwise possibly have understood. This whole explanation–sequence was for some obscure reason altogether left out of the film version–implying-that film audiences, even at a rather fine drama like this, are not to be encouraged to bother their heads about logic. Which is on the whole a pity–for in this particular case logic is made part of, and therefore helps to heighten the effect of, the drama. . . .

A FULL discussion of the film "*Esther Waters*" would take longer than my space permits. I salute it as an attempt by no means unsuccessful, to put an important and even epoch-marking novel into the terms of the screen-medium. In the 'eighties, George Moore came back from Paris, his head crammed full of the French "naturalists", and was bold enough to make his heroine a seduced servant girl, his hero a footman later turned publican and bookie, and his *venue* largely the racecourse and a Soho bar-parlour. Outrage among the Victorians! The book almost burnt by the public hangman. But again, in the film the characters were not notably traduced; and again I was gripped by a story that I first read about thirty years ago, and that had made its contribution to literature. Which, by film standards, means that the film had unusual quality.

THE third film, "*The Fallen Idol*," has already been deservedly praised and re-praised. It comes into a slightly different category from the other two. It is based neither on a full-length novel nor a complicated three-act play, but on a short story only. This meant that, although the original short story is by one of our finest writers, Mr. Graham Greene,–or perhaps because of that–it has in it a germ that could afford to be extended and expanded, and, as it were, re-visualized and re-realized as an original creation of screen art.

The result of this, in the hands of a bungler, might have been too terrible for thought to contemplate. But it was in the hands of Mr. Carol Reed, who is an artist in his own right. It must have been he, or someone closely associated with him, who had seen how rewarding it would be to employ a novelist of the distinction of Miss Leslie Storm, with her sensitive appreciation of the child-mind, to write what in film-jargon is called "additional dialogue", but which really meant an extension and expansion of the young boy's part. One false step here and all would have been lost!

(Dialogue on the films is at least three times as important as dialogue on the stage –because there is only about a third or less than a third, as much of it. How devastating can be the effect of downright bad dialogue I had a chance to observe in a Charles II film, "*The Exile*," with the American romantic actor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr.

Here, the "Prithee's," and "May I perchance purchase your roses?" and "'Ods 'ounds," mingled with brash modern Americanisms to an extent that made the audience laugh outright in all the wrong places. It was only later that I realized that a competent scripwriter had not been thought worth spending tuppence on, and that Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., had written the drivel himself.)

In "*The Fallen Idol*" there is no false step. It is the story of a love-tragedy seen through the only-half-comprehending eyes of a little boy, left alone in the care of a butler and his shrew of a wife in his father's temporarily deserted Embassy.

The whole thing is seen, imagined, made visual, through the appropriate and unique possibilities of the screen. Every screen trick is employed–legitimately because unobtrusively. The camera-angles of the shots are of extraordinary ingenuity–but again are almost unnoticeable at the time. It is only in a rare pause in the narrative that one has time to think, "Every single shot I have seen has been interesting and original–but though I have hardly noticed it, it has had its own effect in building up the tension of the drama."

And where the two arts–the arts of the stage and the screen–meet and mingle and are one completely, the delineation of character, the impact of personality, the projection of personal emotion, the chief actors are so good that one ceases to remember whether one is at a film or a play.

These actors are the sensitive and delicate Mdlle. Michele Morgan, Sir Ralph Richardson, Miss Sonia Dresdel, and a really wonderful little boy, Master Bobby Henrey. It may be argued, of course, that "film-technique" helps little Master Henrey; and so possibly it does, to a limited extent. Film-scenes can be cut up into snippets so short–a mere gesture, a mere interjection–that even a bad little boy can be made to do them thirty times over, until, even if only by accident or absent-mindedness, he gets one of the shots brilliantly right. This can be made the shot used in the final version–and the next shot proceeded to on the same lines. But in this instance the facile trick is scorned, and the little boy is sincere enough and intelligent enough to hold the stage for many long emotional periods on his own.

In short, and to re-state what I have already implied, a magnificent film.

I regret that I cannot say as much for much that I have seen on the legitimate stage recently.

The definition of the art of acting, suggested above, as being "the delineation of character, the impact of personality, the projection of personal emotion", is a fairly inclusive one. It takes in all the great practitioners, from Dame Edith Evans to Mr. George Robey, under one heading or another, and occasionally those gifted of the gods have all three qualities together.

IN Miss Eileen Herlie's "*Medea*", now transferred to town from the Edinburgh Festival, I could discern none of them whatsoever (except, perhaps, in a faint degree, the force of personality, never to be overlooked so rare it is).

She is very young, and has much to learn and to experience, and has plenty of time to develop and get better. But many moments of her interpretation of "*Medea*", either with or without the assistance of Mr. John Gielgud as director, seemed to me a travesty in the art of acting, a complete lesson on how-not-to-do-it. To be precise with an example: she started on so low a note, such a desperate tearing of sandpaper in the throat (I can think of no other simile for it) that one was in terror that her vocal chords should not be rent asunder by the end of the evening.

They weren't. But sheer physical stamina is no substitute for the power to convey personal emotion. And of this (according to my own reactions) Miss Herlie has not yet conveyed one spark.

The choice of the heavy-footed American prose translation (as opposed to the accepted Gilbert Murray verse version with its many felicities and splendours) seemed to me an instance of inverted intellectualism that Mr. Gielgud will find it very hard to justify.

ROMANCE AND THE DEVIL

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

AS I came back, recently, from one of those visits to London which Stephen Gwynn sees as the visit of the salmon to the sea—the Irishman leaving his only slightly brackish lagoon to be washed in seas of petrol—I asked myself: "Now, what, apart from the delight of conversation with a few friends, did I most enjoy in that place?" There was an Italian film to see which was alone worth the journey: "Four Steps to Heaven." That was realistic art, shot with lyricism and humour. There were, then, a few romantic things: "Giselle" at Covent Garden, danced with perfection by Miss Hightower, the exhibition of sculpture in Battersea Park, and the two roomfuls of pictures by Jack B. Yeats at the Tate Gallery. "Giselle" was heaven, the sculptures were purgatory, and the Yeats show was hell. And since it is a quality of our age to be able to enjoy oneself while looking at things which one does not wholly enjoy in themselves I was equally grateful for these astral, semi-astral and sub-astral experiences.

I have used such strong words about "Giselle" and the Yeats pictures that I must explain that I do not use these heavenly and infernal images either flippantly or as the jargon of a balletomane. I use them literally, in the plain sense that there is a smell of the Old Boy about much of modern art and that some of it, including some of the finest of it, is sizzling deep in his inmost circle; Mr. Yeats, as I shall presently propose, being no nearer than a moth hovering on the outer rim with the dawn on his snowy poll and the red glow just colouring his innocent nose. I am far from being alone in this view and for all I know it is something that has gradually filtered into me from other men's minds, and when, from time to time, I read some piece that says the same thing I wonder whether I must not have read similar pieces before, and am now no more than their echo. So, I find the whole thing said all over again in the special number of *Lettres* issued for the fiftieth anniversary of Mallarmé's death (1842-1898). "Romantic satanism." "The *angélisme* of Mallarmé." "The rebel angel." "Claudel as King David and Mallarmé as Lucifer." "In other words the poetry of the Disincarnation seems miraculous and persuasive as long as it is dissolving the carnal substance of Creation by its pure magic; but when it sets out to create in its own right. . . ."

Yet I can still remember my own first sensations of dismay and horror at Joyce's "Work in Progress", as "Finnegans Wake" used to be called when it was appearing in its first form in bits and scraps in *transition*. I remember feeling that this is not prose, this must be music, and gradually realizing that it was neither prose nor music but something that had never been before. But can there be anything that has not been before? And it took me years to realize that there cannot, but that a man might try if he were either sufficiently mad or satanically arrogant to rival Creation.

IT is a common romantic desire—to want to get out of the material envelope. Any of us who has any least romantic urge, and who has not had it in his youth, must recall the excitement of his first meeting with the Symbolists, whose strongest urge was against the material. "A revolt against exteriority, against rhetoric, against the materialistic tradition," is how Arthur Symons defined the symbolist movement in 1899. And by "rhetoric" he doubtless meant eloquence, and implied the mob, and proposed solitude and inward communion; poetry, in W. B. Yeats's words as a private "revelation". It is a common romantic desire to want to create new forms to match new matter. It is nearly thirty years ago since, I remember, I found myself one day saying to A.E. that I was sick of stories and novels in which you heard "the distant whistle of a train", and "the far-off sound

of a dog barking at the moon", and that I wished I could "do something with pins"!

I was then a raw provincial who had not yet heard that the most advanced young men in Paris were "doing something" with shirt-buttons and bits of wire and banana-skins stuck to canvases. I had only to see them to realize that one can, indeed, do something very extraordinary with pins, and that had I been born not in the little town of Cork but in the great city of Paris I should have begun life as an enthusiastic Dadaist. I have never since looked at a canvas of two gamboge lines on a rose ground with a fish's eye up in the top left-hand corner without thinking, "There but for the grace of God . . ." as many a critic following the meanderings of W. B. Yeats through the pallid nineties must have said: "There but for the grace of Ireland went another æsthetic poet." For what saved him was common life and the ancient traditions thereof.

What the artist does is not to create but to recreate. The figurative use of that word "create" has played the devil (literally, again) with art. It was a romantic trans-figuration that imperceptibly gave to the word its modern, and ultimately, blasphemous sense. To create is to make something which had not existed, to evoke out of a void. Every poem, every picture is manufactured out of nature which was alone created. Poets and painters, like the male and female, procreate, beget, found. A poet is a creator only in the sense that he is a *creator urbis*. He has founded a city. I agree that to this the most modern of abstract painters, as we call them, the least comprehensible writer has one irrefutable answer: "I project *myself*." We cannot get behind that, and if the painter of the two gamboge lines on the rose ground with the fish-eye would entitle his painting, "A Portrait of the Artist" we should have to stand before it respectfully and silently.

BUT they do not say this. There is a well-known letter from Mallarmé to Cazalis which contains the sentences: "*Ma pensée s'est pensée et est arrivée à une conception pure. Je suis maintenant impersonnel, et non plus Stéphane que tu as connu, mais une aptitude qu'a l'univers spirituel à se voir et à se développer à travers ce qui fut moi.*" And Yeats wrote, confessing both the effort and its inevitable failure: "Without knowing it I had come to care for impersonal beauty. I had set out in life with the thought of putting my very self into poetry and had understood this as a representation of my own visions and an attempt to cut away the non-essentials, but as I imagined the visions outside myself my imagination became full of decorative landscapes of still life." Mallarmé, going much further than Yeats ever tried to go, failed not because the "outside myself", i.e., creation, insisted on coming in but because he died trying to keep it out. "*Je suis impersonnel.*" Though, let us not forget it, Yeats went pretty far before he turned back. Louis MacNeice shrewdly points out how many, for example, of the "non-essentials" of Shelley he calmly pruned away: Godwin, Rousseau, Plato, all his beliefs. "In his essay on the philosophy of Shelley's poetry (1900) he spends his time discussing Shelley's symbols—caves, underground rivers, towers, the morning star—and attempts to build out of these a Shelleyian system: Hamlet, in fact, without the Prince of Denmark." Taken far enough this would have arrived at the forest without the trees; at nature without natural objects; at formless chaos out of which would come a new Word become Flesh. Monomania. The logical conclusion of the literature of the *moi*.

That is what Joyce arrived at, and that is at least one-half of his immense attraction. We do not, I mean, read a work of art and that alone when we read "Ulysses," or open a book, and only a book, when we open "Finnegans Wake"; we watch the heroic tragedy of a Lucifer in Starlight all over again. He scaled the mountain-top, struggled with Creation, wrested from it two immense books, and we are always remembering that it is these books, stained by his life's blood, that we handle. The other half of our interest in Joyce is his achievement in itself, so mingled of success and failure, of loveliness and grossness, of sobriety and drunkenness, of clear-headed sanity and obsessional

insanity, of realism and romance, of learning and of pedantry, of *angélisme* and satanism that these two big books will always be cherished as records of an immense struggle with Nature.

THE key to his work is that he is essentially a romantic, although in "Stephen Hero" he speaks of his literary theory as "classical"; using the word to indicate the kind of art which is at the apex of a pyramid whose base is "the chaos of unremembered writing" and whose middle is all "literature"—a term of contempt—that deals with "the portrayal of externals". (See the opening of Chapter XIX: his most interesting exposition of the Daedalan æsthetic.) This "classical", really romantic, apex is reached when the artist is one who can "disentangle the subtle soul of the image from its mesh of defining circumstances". He calls this "classical" because he believes it to be "not the manner of any fixed age or of any fixed country. . . . It is a constant state of the artistic mind".

Not only does the practice of all classical art, which is invariably governed by the manner and customs of societies, disprove this but his own practice runs counter to his own theory. There can have been few writers so equipped to "portray externals"; none has devoted himself so utterly to a fixed age and a fixed country; and, against this minutely portrayed naturalism, as literal as a scene by Canaletto, Stephen Daedalus stalks like a new Werther. In his technical experiments only does he soar from a recognizable Here and Now, and in that defiance is still characteristically of the romantic temper. Indeed he might seem to be forecasting his own Icaran flights by his own definition of the romantic: "Classicism . . . is a temper of security and satisfaction and patience. (We must grant him heroic patience.) The romantic temper . . . sees no fit abode here for its ideals and chooses therefore to behold them under insensible figures." The progress of his work towards "insensible figures" is patent between his first stories and the last, immense, and supremely arrogant effort to outsoar the flesh, to create an absolute art as free of the mesh of defining circumstances as mathematics—the Mallarméan dream. Not, of course, that it matters what he calls his technique; so long as we understand the actual process.

IT was, then, an odd and shivery experience to walk through those two rooms in the Tate looking at the formless and chaotic pictures of the humorous, kindly fantastical man I know as Jack Yeats, and to feel the hot air from the Rue de Rome blowing across the Irish Sea; the gleam of the old ambition, the shadow of the old disintegration, the most delicately sulphurous odour of deliquescence, like his own lovely ochres and greens. Horses came out of the shadow and the smoke, like horses running away from the lost battle. Familiar profiles loomed out of the dusk. What the divil, I wondered (unable to keep that gentleman out of my thoughts), is Paddy Finucane doing in that bloodshot chaos? Is that Biddy Early over there with all the steam about her? Can Jack Yeats have been reading too many of the early poems of his brother Willy? And then, standing before a glorious medley of paint, that might equally well have been called "Buffalo Bill's Last Ride," or "Custer's Last Stand," or "Moore Street, 6 a.m.", I remembered his enchanting books which I had read much as one might read a book by the light of a thunderstorm, or as one listens to French radio when the boys in the power-station are having a strike-debate. And then, by contrast, I remembered his early work which was always so firmly outlined, and noted that in *these* paintings there is hardly any drawing; and when you take drawing out of a picture it is like taking the bottle away from the wine and watching its colour spill all over the place. Has he, too, come late in life to the ambition his brother briefly held in youth to be "a poet of pure essences"? Or is he, too, alas, attempting to "create"? Is this, too, not that romantic temper which "sees no fit abode here for its ideals and chooses therefore to behold them under insensible figures"?

FAR, indeed, from "Giselle"; from Gautier and Felicien David and Flaubert. Gautier: "I am a man for whom

the visible world exists." The declaration is of a man who strongly feels that some such sort of declaration is necessary. Flaubert, lovingly quoted over and over by Gautier: "The idea is born of the form." This is romanticism without deliquescence: and *how* romantic, and *how* eloquent, and with what simple conventions one may see from "Giselle". If one could ever sanely speak of an absolute beauty, of a disembodied essence, the exquisite, elementary nonsense of "Giselle" is it. The point is that any convention at all will do, it does not matter what, if only it recognizes that the visible world of creation exists and that its forms and shapes cannot be disintegrated, abused or ignored without inviting final disaster.

Men may feel that the tyranny of the physical world is too much to be borne, and they may long to transcend it in their art. It has been done over and over again, by making the tyrant work, by making its shapes and forms say more than themselves, in other words by changing animal, mineral and vegetable things into ciphers and celestial codes, while remaining recognizable things. It is a process beyond reason, though within nature. If one were to apply a cold and abstract reason to the things a ballet-dancer does, such as standing on one toe, throwing out the arms, bending over and slowly raising the other leg in the air behind her, it is the behaviour of a female lunatic. It is also, in some way, charming and eloquent, being some form of echo or mirror-play of flower, or cloud, or bird or who knows what except that it must be in nature or we should, indeed, think it mad. Once upon a time the romantic would "half-create and half-perceive." To-day he seems to believe that the farther he gets from perception the nearer he comes to Creation —his own autonomous Creation; each man his own first cause. Naturally we find these innumerable solipsistic worlds difficult to understand. "But," said one of those young painters to me, standing before his canvas, "when you look at that you must not try to understand. There is nothing to understand. You must look at it as you would look at a flower, or a beetle, or a tree". I could not explain to him that when I look at a sunset or a flower-bell I see "the grand Perhaps"! How could I? I was talking to a grand Perhaps.

I CONFESS that all my sympathy to-day is with the romantic hazard. It used to be with the pure classical statement, but it seems hopeless to expect the classical method to function in so disintegrated a world as ours. In one thing both methods are alike: they sublimate nature, they escape the carnal prison. But what Joyce, like Mallarmé, did not consider, or care about, was that he who does not come to terms with Nature, or Creation, in *some* terms of an intelligible order in nature, and of nature, is not merely sublimating the carnal but destroying it altogether; and this seems to me to be a case not of liquifying the prison but of liquidating the prisoner. I thus find in much of modern art a spectacle not so much of sublimation as of satanism and suicide all in one, and with all due respects to Origen (and Mr. Graham Greene) I do hope there are less drastic ways of solving the problems of the flesh.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WAR MEMOIRS

IN the republic of letters, as in other republics, highly placed persons are treated with a much more sensitive regard for their feelings than the obscure. Had George Canning or Lord Castlereagh published a book in 1818, it may be taken for granted that no one would have referred to its "calm, settled, imperturbable drivelling idiocy"—the welcome that Lockhart in this year gave to Keats's first volume of poetry. From his early thirties Winston Churchill has been politically as well as socially in the foreground of English life, and has received correspondingly delicate and deferential treatment as a writer, some of his eulogists not caring to exercise their critical faculty upon him and others having no critical faculty to exercise—for example, the biographer who said that Churchill's life of his father must rank with Morley's *Gladstone* and Boswell's *Johnson*, which is like trying to give an idea of a horse by saying that it is fit only for the knacker's and a certain Derby winner. Churchill's status as a writer was also helped by his disappointments as a politician. The feeling grew that something ought to be done to make up to him for Gallipoli and the extreme unlikelihood that he would ever become Prime Minister. "He will be remembered for his writings" Lloyd George once said, conscious, no doubt, that he himself formed a trinity with Chatham and the younger Pitt, and happy to allow Churchill a place with Gibbon and Macaulay.

The correct procedure when someone who has been awarded a consolation prize suddenly shoots to the head of the class has yet to be decided. Certainly, Churchill's literary reputation so far from declining during the Second World War became more and more magnified. The bulldog who had brought the armed burglar crashing to the ground was seen through a transfiguring haze which gave to the valiant animal wings to outsoar the eagle and horns to outruminate the cow. That vision is now a little faded, yet anyone who abides by the facts of natural history will probably be regarded as rather a churl.

The first volume of Winston Churchill's war memoirs covers the period from 1919 to Hitler's attack on Holland and Belgium in May, 1940. In his preface Churchill suggests that the Second World War should be called "The Unnecessary War".* After the end of the First World War, he writes in the opening paragraph of his book, there was an almost universal hope that peace would reign in the world, a hope that "could easily have been gained by steadfastness in righteous convictions, and by a reasonable common sense and prudence". In the second paragraph of his book he writes that the war had been one not of governments but of peoples, that the whole life-energy of the greatest nations had been poured out in wrath and slaughter, and that the war leaders in Paris had been borne thither upon the strongest and most furious tides that have ever flared in human history. Was this

* The Second World War. By Winston S. Churchill, Vol. 1. The Gathering Storm. Cassell : 25*s*.

a propitious setting for the practice of reasonable common sense and prudence? Does wrath generate righteous convictions and slaughter make them steadfast? The world of 1919 longed for peace as a man after an attack of delirium tremens longs for a draught of running water, but sickly cravings do not restore health to a ravaged world or uncorrupted tastes to an exhausted dipsomaniac.

As soon as the nations began to recover their vigour after the First World War, they fell inevitably into two groups, those who were satisfied with the *status quo* and those who were not. If at this moment a supernatural being, with unlimited power to raise men to his own level, had appeared and told the unsatisfied nations to lay aside envy and hatred and cruelty, and the satisfied nations to lay aside inertia and greed and cowardice, there would unquestionably have been no Second World War. In Churchill's opinion the same result could have been attained if the victors at Versailles had stuck together and treated Germany with a judicious mixture of severity and kindness, or, failing that, if England had listened to his warnings in time and formed a grand military alliance nourished by the League of Nations. The greatest convulsion that has ever racked humanity, the supreme expression in the outward world of the torment in the soul of man, need not have been, if the House of Commons had listened to Churchill instead of to Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain.

Let us suppose, however, that the war was unnecessary for everyone else. It was still very necessary for Churchill. It is in human nature to want it both ways, but we must firmly decline to be moved by Churchill's lament that his strivings as a pacifist proved fruitless. On this point we feel as Andromeda would have felt if, as with swelling heart she rode away with Perseusf rom the slaughtered dragon, he had grumbled that all this fuss could have been avoided had his prescription for vermicide been applied in time by the competent authorities.

Churchill's praise of peace does not spring from the heart. The phrases fall listlessly—"Five years ago all were looking forward to peace, to a period in which all would rejoice in the treasures which science can spread to all classes." This is rhetoric—words strung together to produce a certain effect on a particular audience. As a politician Churchill is habituated to weigh what impression his words will make, a bad training for a writer, who is, or ought to be, solely concerned with getting his meaning clear. A speech can be entirely sincere, like the great speeches in which Churchill exposed the growing danger from Hitler. Here the impression he made exactly corresponded with the impression he had himself received. But the rhetoric which, lightened from time to time with flashes of rich sardonic humour, permeates his writings is not controlled by the sense of imminent menace. It is the sportive wallowing of a whale who has sunk his hunters without trace. The penalty of not taking the living Hitler seriously was clear to Churchill, but he perceives no reason why he should not romanticize Hitler dead.

A realist under pressure, a romantic by natural inclination, Churchill loves war, not as a means to tyranny or a vent for hatred, but ardently and generously, as a tourney in which valiant knights put forth all their strength, and the victors and the vanquished embrace when the fight is over. Hitler, the chief character in this

volume after Churchill himself, is a very unembraceable object, but Churchill comes as near as possible to embracing him. Mindful, perhaps, that the fiercer the dragon the greater its destroyer's glory, he introduces Hitler as "a maniac of ferocious genius, the repository and expression of the most virulent hatreds that have ever corroded the human breast". But in most of his later references he tones down the maniac and touches up whatever traits are in any degree susceptible of romantic treatment. He praises Hitler for nursing a fervent and mystical admiration for Germany in his miserable youth, instead of allowing his poverty to drive him into the Communist ranks; he is careful not to suggest that Hitler arranged the burning of the Reichstag; he gives no hint of Hitler's guttersnipe malignity when Schuschnigg went to Berchtesgaden; and he pictures Hitler entering the desperado Roehm's bedroom "alone and unarmed", a detail for which our only authority is Hitler, who presumbly had his bodyguard within call and was besides fully aware that Roehm's personal habits were such as to render a surprise visit to him in the early hours of the morning what most insurance offices would accept as a reasonable risk, provided, of course, that the visit was not a friendly one.

The comparative tenderness with which Churchill treats Hitler springs also from his inbred veneration for high office, by whatever means achieved. Even as a boy his dreams were of political eminence, the passion to rise in public life shaped all his thoughts and actions, and his instinctive feeling, though doubtless not his considered judgment, would probably favour a gorilla at the top of a tree in preference to Plato meditating at its foot. Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain were Prime Ministers, and accordingly he lets them off lightly; to some extent, it may be, because they were his immediate predecessors at the head of the Conservative party, but chiefly because he does not deem it fitting to take the many into his confidence about their superiors. This is not the temperament, nor are these the circumstances, which help a man to picture life as it is.

While I was discussing some of these points with a distinguished journalist, he remarked sharply—"Churchill does not require to be a great writer." With this I very cordially agreed, adding my regret that more persons were not of his opinion. There is a page in this volume which reveals Churchill's real greatness, the underlying sincerity, simplicity and honest human feeling which, joined with his courage and genius for leadership in war, qualified him for his great task. He is describing Molotov, of whom he saw a good deal during the war; and after saying how Molotov had survived the fearful hazards to which all the Bolshevik leaders were exposed, and had thrived in a society where ever-varying intrigue was accompanied by the constant menace of personal liquidation, he concludes—"How glad I am at the end of my life not to have had to endure the stresses which he had suffered; better never be born." This is the candour of a naturally heroic man, who has no need to buckram himself with fanaticism and no desire to transform the world into an inferno which can be traversed only by those who have robotized themselves into a sub-human insensibility.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

THE DISTINGUISHED THING

THE NOTEBOOKS OF HENRY JAMES. Edited by F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. *Oxford University Press.* 30*s. net.*

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

TO anyone whose business it is to write, or to try to write, Henry James's Notebooks must ever be fascinating. They show, as, perhaps, nothing else of the kind does, the writer at work—how, in the course of conversation at a dinner party, say, he gets an idea; then the idea germinates, develops, is gradually translated, as it were, from life into literature. In the Notebooks this whole process is displayed. It is possible, for instance, to trace the growth of "What Maisie Knew" from its inception in a casual remark to the end product, the book, so typical of James and the working of his curious mind. His mental processes, as the Notebooks show, moved like a conveyor belt, on which ideas passed through an immense, cavernous factory, here receiving a body, there an engine; folding seats, electrical equipment, buffers, all added in due sequence; varnished, enamelled, mounted on pneumatic tyres, until at last the finished article is driven smoothly, sedately, away.

Apart from this outstanding professional interest, the Notebooks have little intrinsic interest. There is little or nothing of James the man in them, though a great deal of James the writer. Occasionally, but only very occasionally, there is a touch of pathos ("I know too many people—I have gone in too much for society"), a sense of the enormous loneliness and enormous emptiness of James's days. For the most part, however, the Notebooks are concerned exclusively with that particular American brand of dullness, which makes one ache even to get it at second-hand.

For instance, this of Herbert Pratt:

> "'There's a wild fig tree growing there; I have lain on the grass, with my guitar. There was a musical muleteer, etc.' I remember one evening when he took me to a queer little wineshop, haunted only by gondoliers and *facchini*, in an out of the way corner of Venice. We had some excellent muscat wine; he had discovered the place and made himself quite at home there. Another evening I went with him to his rooms—far down on the Grand Canal, overlooking the Rialto. It was a hot night; the cry of the gondoliers came up from the Canal. He took out a couple of Persian books and read me extracts from Firdausi and Saadi. A good deal might be done with Herbert Pratt."

How well one knows that sort of thing—guitar playing under a wild fig tree, queer little wineshops, out of the way corners. Even James falters, letting us off with an "etc." after the musical muleteer. There is, in point of fact, nothing to be done with Herbert Pratt except to try to forget him.

As nearly always happens to expatriates, James, in becoming a European, became more and more American. Through living abroad, visiting English country houses and laboriously consorting with the English upper classes, his American characteristics were only intensified. To try to be unlike oneself is to be oneself more utterly—like people in fancy dress, pierrots and cavaliers and Red Indians, at a Chelsea Arts Ball. By the same token, in Washington Square or Boston, James makes a solid, and even dignified, appearance; in Paris or Rome, among the American residents, he shades more or less into the landscape; but at "a bright military dinner at which I took in Elizabeth Thompson, the military paintress: a gentle pleasing woman, very deaf," he is somehow forlorn, absurd, a land creature flapping about unhappily in water.

James's books have lately been appearing in a variety of editions (notably, a very agreeable and convenient one from Mr. John Lehman) more profusely than ever before; certainly more profusely than in the United States at any time. There he still remains rather under a cloud. His marked preference for being out of America, and his uneasiness whenever he revisited his native land, irritate his fellow-countrymen still. This may account for his revived popularity on this side of the Atlantic at a time when the movement of men-of-letters, as well as much else, is all the other way. He offsets the Marshall Plan, recalls nostalgically the days before sterling became a soft currency, and when the balance of letters, as well as trade, was all in our favour; Messrs. Aldous Huxley, Auden, Isherwood and Cronin may prefer America, but James,

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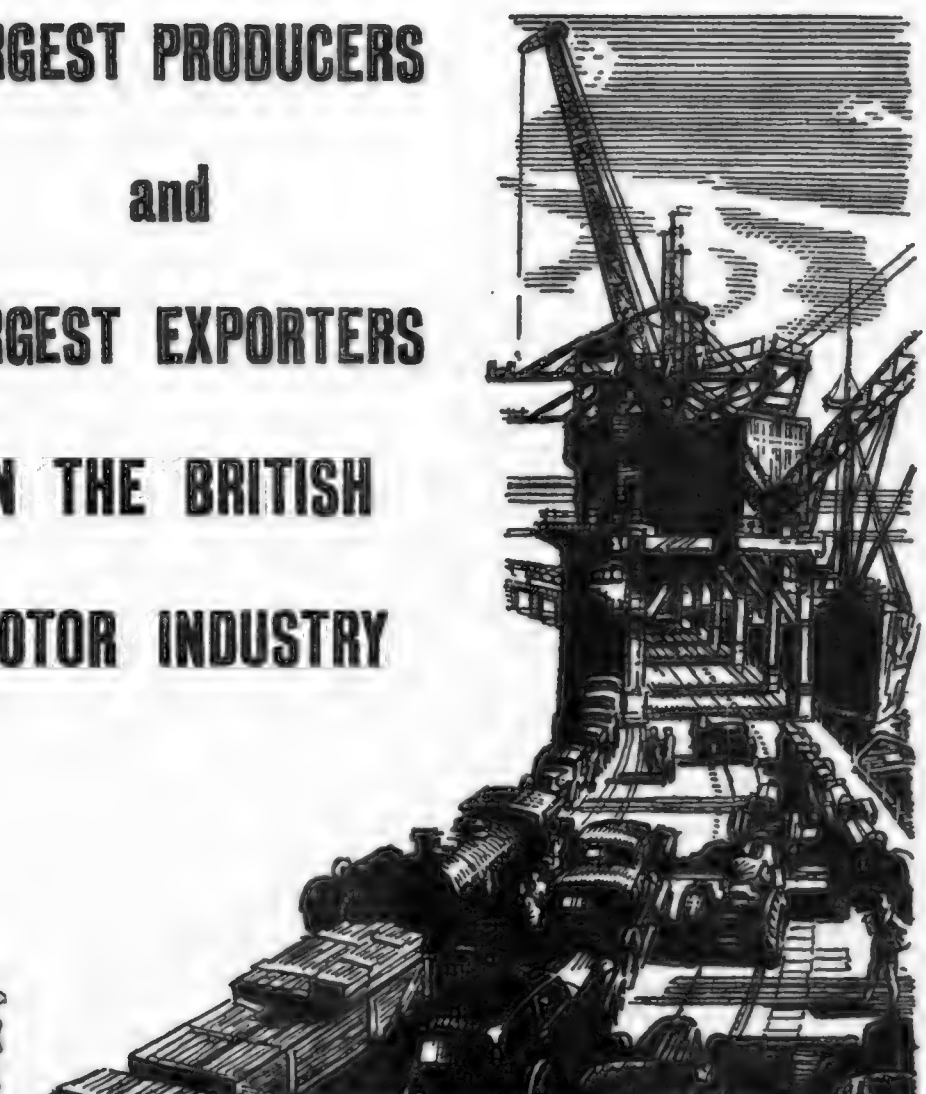

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at any rate, felt himself to be an exile when he was away from England. He seems to have had a premonition that in time this situation would be reversed. Though he was convinced, Mr. Matthiessen writes in his excellent introduction to the Notebooks, that "for a man of his temperament and capacities, the decision to live abroad had been the right one", and that "the American writer of fiction must deal, by implication at least, with Europe, whereas the European novelist who neglected America was not 'incomplete', —'fifty years hence . . . he will doubtless be accounted so'."

He was certainly the strangest of strange beings—a flaccid, industrious, moody man, who was rarely alone and always lonely; who, out of his loneliness, was able to convey a picture of life which endures, which remains curiously enthralling. He collected, as it were, an immense card index, unpromising in itself, but, by virtue of its very size and completeness, impressive. Did he enjoy those visits of which he made so many, one wonders? Did he like those people with whom he spent so much of his time, and with whom he apparently had so little in common? Was he satisfied by the sort of fame which came to him at last? We scarcely know. He had, undoubtedly, a great longing to be "successful"; the stage attracted him because it provided an immediate sensation of success. He certainly attached great importance to money, which no one ever earns in his stories, but of which most of his characters somehow have a sufficiency, if not an abundance, as he himself had. Above all, he wanted to be "distinguished". His last remark when death was near —"At last the distinguished thing"—suggests a kind of relief, a sense that what he had so laboriously sought came only in being sought no more. The dinner party had run its tedious course, conversation exchanged at table with his distinguished neighbours, and afterwards in the distinguished drawing-room; Mr. James well received, well turned out, bowing, talking; Mr. James, at last, really must be going—in the street outside looking up gratefully at the remote stars, exquisitely silent in the silent night; at last, the distinguished thing.

SICK MAN OF EUROPE

CONFESSIONS OF ZENO. By Italo Svevo. Translated by Beryl de Zoete. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

BY JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

ETTORE SCHMITZ, who wrote under the pseudonym of Italo Svevo, was an Italianized German Jew of Trieste. Like Rilke and Kafka, then, he was, by birth, a citizen of that cosmopolitan Austro-Hungarian empire, in whose intellectual life so many diverse elements of national temperament and tradition were blended. In a very illuminating introductory essay with which he prefaces Miss de Zoete's translation of *La Conscienza di Zeno* (of which a second edition now appears), Signior Renato Poggioli points out that Svevo's origin led him to use a highly unliterary and unequal Italian. So it was left for foreigners, like James Joyce, who had once taught him English, and Valéry Larbaud, to call attention to his merits.

It is, no doubt, the German Jew in Svevo which prompts him to take as his subject matter the sick soul of the neurotic European bourgeois. Zeno Cosini, the protagonist of this novel, mercilessly exposes himself in the "Confession" which he is supposed to be writing for the benefit of the psycho-analyst who is treating him. We see him in turn pathetically inadequate, as son, husband, lover, and in the masculine relation demanded by a business partnership. He is a moral coward, a sentimentalist continually pursued by ineffectual scruples, the victim of the women (generally young girls) whom he attempts to seduce, and deceiving a wife who nevertheless accepts and loves him with all his inconsistencies and evasions. The comparison which Signior Poggioli makes with Joyce's Bloom is not inapt, though Zeno comes from a more well-to-do and leisured stratum of the bourgeoisie than Bloom, and his neurotic affliction is more explicit and articulate. But the other side of Svevo's personality, the Italian humanist, draws out of this "stream of consciousness" something we should hardly expect—ironic comedy, in the classical and Latin tradition. Zeno is in the line of the great hypochondriacs of literature. He is the descendant of Molière's *Malade imaginaire* or (as Signior Poggioli

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points out) of Terence's *Heautontimoroumenos* or Self-Tormentor.

There is even, perhaps, something of Don Quixote in him. For Zeno, unheroic as he is, is not wholly a fool. He is genuinely curious about himself, the world, and other people, though this intellectual curiosity can find an outlet only in the amassing of scraps of pseudo-culture and pseudo-science. In the matter of religion, he counters the terrified spiritual cravings of his dying father and the formal orthodoxy of his wife alike, by embarking on a half-baked rationalistic study of the origins of Christianity. He reads Strauss and Renan—the first bores him, the latter delights him. He is finally driven to seek a cure for his spiritual sickness in the new technique of psycho-analysis, then (the period is immediately before the Four Years' War) just beginning to become fashionable.

Svevo's use of the device of the clinical confession to tell his story is exceedingly subtle. The true reality of Zeno's soul is beyond the reach both of his own knowledge and of that of the doctor who is treating him. According to the latter, the patient continually falsifies the facts which he recounts. The rôle which Zeno, in his waking memory, allots to himself at his father's deathbed (this is a scene which Svevo delineates with a pitiful and terrifying humanity) appears reversed when it recurs in his dreams. Which was the real truth?—we are reminded of the scepticism of another modern Italian, Pirandello. But Zeno can, and does, retort that the doctor is only imposing his Freudian formulas on an infinitely more complex human situation, because he too, the victim of unconscious motives, desires reality to conform to his theories. Zeno falls back finally on what seems the lamest of excuses. He cannot tell the truth about himself in the Tuscan Italian he is being forced to use instead of his native Triestine dialect. But in thus making his hero conscious of a limitation, arising out of a local and temporary condition, of which Svevo himself must have been acutely aware, the author anticipates a far wider and more universal problem. It is the problem of the break-down of language as a medium for the communication of real human experience, with which M. Sartre dealt in his contribution to a volume of essays which I recently reviewed in this periodical.

As the Existentialists have seen, it is in action, not in analysis, that the resolution

is to be found. History, in the end, overtakes Zeno, the European neurotic, as it is now overtaking all of us. In 1915 the sudden entry of Italy into the War in opposition to the Eastern Powers, catches him unawares on the wrong side of the frontier. We see him, separated from his wife, arguing, ineffectual and pompous to the last, with the Austro-Hungarian sentries.

Zeno finally rejects the doctor's proffered cure. In part, he is still running away from the truth, but it is also partly because he has come to realize that the sickness goes deeper than anything that a mere clinical analysis can touch. In this knowledge is the ultimate despair of liberal, bourgeois humanity. So Zeno concludes: "When all the poison gases are exhausted, a man, made like all other men of flesh and blood, will in the quiet of his room invent an explosive of such potency that all the explosives in existence will seem like harmless toys beside it . . . There will be a tremendous explosion, but no one will hear it, and the earth will return to its nebulous state and go wandering through the sky, free at last from parasites and disease."

That is the final challenge with which the failure of materialistic humanism presents us. But perhaps those lines—penned in 1924—require no gloss or comment to-day.

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS.

Novels

THE MIDDLE OF THE JOURNEY. Lionel Trilling. *Secker and Warburg*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

THIS WINTER. Merle Miller. *John Lehmann*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

THE SKY IS RED. Guiseppe Berto. *Secker and Warburg*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

PILLAR OF CLOUD. Francis Stuart. *Gollancz*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

SHANNON'S WAY. A. J. Cronin. *Gollancz*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

VILLA MAR. B. L. Jacot. *Macdonald*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

READERS of Mr. Lionel Trilling's essay on *The Princess Casamassima* will not be surprised by the Jamesian atmosphere of *The Middle of the Journey*. The book makes one regret that so few serious writers take pains in the presentation of their material. What Mr. Trilling has to say is no more important than the themes of two or three other novels on my list, but the art with which it is presented is so far superior that

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the book has irresistible driving force. It is not easy to read, but read it must be. Its characters live, they arouse feelings and make us take sides.

The period is the late thirties. John Laskell is struggling out of a serious attack of scarlet fever following the death of a woman whom he loved. He is rediscovering things slowly, aware of new values attaching to life and to death. Among the props which had supported him was his friendship with Arthur and Nancy Croom, one of those pleasant "modern-minded" young couples to be found in and around any English or American university. John departs to visit the Crooms, bearing with him a portentous piece of information. Their mutual friend Gifford Maxim, a prominent American Communist, has left the Party and is convinced that this defection will cost him his life. To John and to the Crooms, Gifford's conviction seems a melodramatic hallucination, they are not Communists but "fellow travellers", and like all liberals they are constitutionally unable to believe evil of anyone not bearing the proper label. Maxim himself is the least successful figure of the novel because his progress towards religious belief demands an element of surrender incompatible with Mr. Trilling's method if not with his temperament. He does, however, convey the urgency of Gifford's fear and its effect on his circle. This book is a brilliant statement of the intellectual-dilemma of the middle-class progressive and it makes the majority of this year's novels seem unsophisticated and crude.

THIS WINTER is a study of the American resettlement problem as experienced by three young men. It would be more effective if the characters did not drink so much, fornicate so much and had they not been provided with such ready-made grounds for neuroses such as losing an arm, being a Jew, and so on. It is fluently written in the vivid, conversational American idiom, it is easy to read and just as easy to forget.

THE SKY IS RED has been hailed by good judges as the best novel yet written about the war. This story of homeless Italian children begging, prostituting and stealing for a living in the ruins of a shattered town is truly poignant and commendably free from easy moral indignation. In books of this kind, however, the reader is overwhelmed by the horror of the surroundings

rather than by the individual fates of the characters; it is hard to realize that they have individual fates, that they might have been otherwise. The most striking feature of the book is the writer's acceptance of the possibility of life in a ruined world.

FRANCIS STUART'S *Pillar of Cloud* also deals with life on the submerged level, this time in the French zone of Germany. I was very pleased to see the name of Francis Stuart once more upon a title page, because this unprolific and uneven writer has a literary power and a spiritual perception lacking in many more successful novelists. I still remember *The Coloured Dome* as the most significant picture of Ireland in the time of the Troubles and it may be that *Pillar of Cloud*, vague and often irritatingly mystical as it is, will prove to have the same microcosmic quality. It is the story of an Irishman, Dominic Malone, caught in Germany during the war and ultimately imprisoned, and two Polish sisters. The humiliation of physical suffering, the marvellous quality of the recovery of the smallest comforts of life is conveyed with almost unbearable closeness, and if the spiritual vision which informs the book remains unclarified, it is no slight achievement to have refined so much squalor and horror to its spiritual element.

IT is a long drop from these novels to *Shannon's Way*, one of Dr. Cronin's essays in medical martyrdom, which will please those many readers who like stories of poor and brilliant doctors pitted against an unsympathetic world. Dr. Cronin is far too skilful to make his Robert Shannon a copy-book hero and there is feeling in the portrait of the girl Jean Law, whose Evangelical upbringing keeps her apart from her Catholic lover. But the writing is commonplace, you can fit the adjective to every word and the rhythm of success and failure can be foreseen so that the only curiosity felt long before the end is reached is how does the author do it?

VILLA MAR is a thriller by a well-known writer of short stories. The author knows everything about the build-up of atmosphere and tension. The plot is not equal to the preparation, but the descriptions of the Provençal seaboard are so good and the handling of the mystery is so expert that you have finished the book before you realize how thin it is.

RUBY MILLAR.

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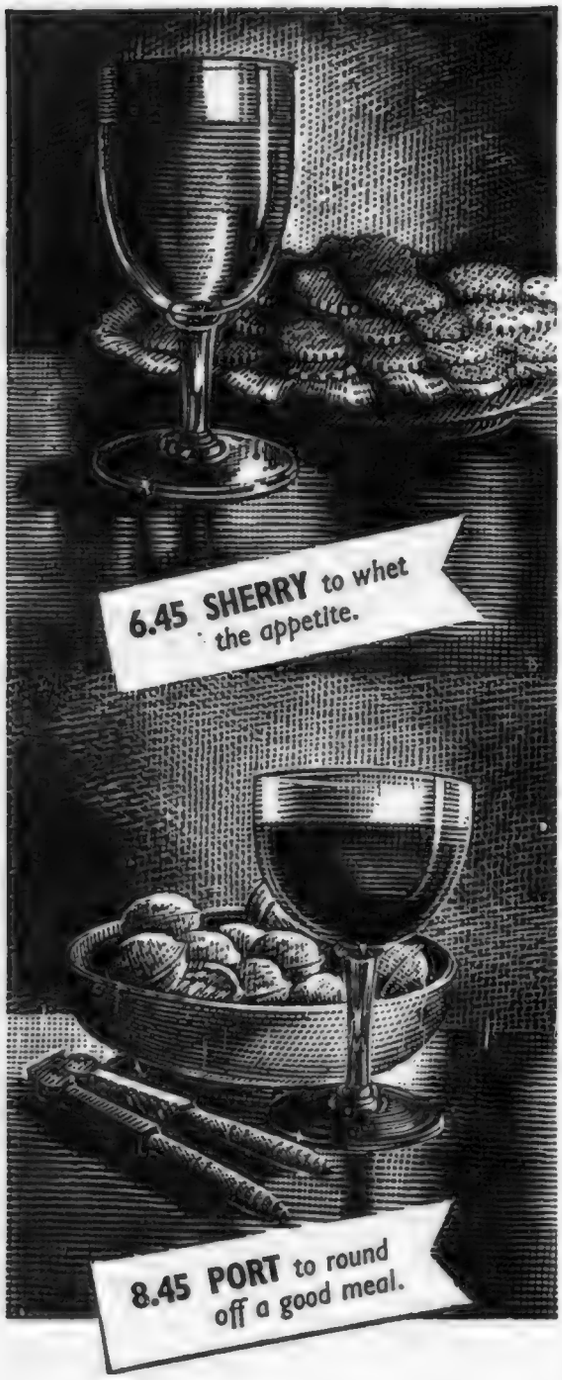

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Short Notices

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By E. and M. A. Radford. With a Foreword by Sir John Hammerton. *Rider and Company*. 16*s*.

THIS is the first time that the complete superstitions which exist, or have existed, among British people throughout the world have been presented fully in encyclopædic form, so that any individual superstition, or collective superstitions related to one particular subject, can be found under a specified heading, without a multitude of index references. The index words are admirably chosen, so that one can readily find the familiar under Salt, Ladder, Horseshoe and many curiosities such as the growth of the game of football out of a superstition, coming to Scotland by way of Normandy.

As Sir John Hammerton, editor of *Manners and Customs of Mankind*, says, the most noteworthy feature of the Radfords' book is the skill with which its compilers have succeeded in observing the rather fine distinction between superstition and custom. On British superstitions this work must be exhaustive, and the authors have also undertaken the widest research into similar beliefs held by totally unrelated groups of the human race, indicating they suggest, "the presence of a sameness of fear inherent throughout the human race; a mysterious sameness of escape also inherent from primitive times."

An original contribution to anthropological knowledge, this is an ideal bedside book for the curious.

BRIAN LUNN

THE GIFFORD LECTURE: 1947

RELIGION AND CULTURE

By Christopher Dawson. *Sheed and Ward*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

OF the relationship between religion and life Christopher Dawson speaks with authority for he is a specialist in this field and his earlier books on various aspects of the subject are well known. In his new book,

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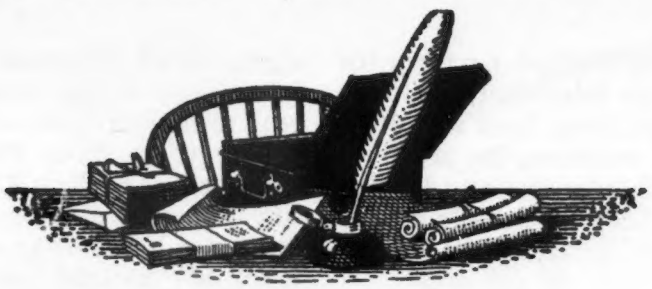

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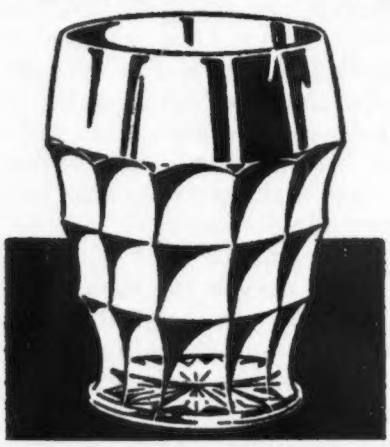

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which consists of the Gifford Lectures for 1947, he re-affirms his belief that religion is "the great central, unifying force in culture . . . the guardian of tradition, the preserver of the moral law, the educator and teacher of wisdom . . . the energizer and life giver". "*Religion and Culture*" examines the validity of this basic idea.

To know God, man need only "look out and look up"; even in the conditions of modern civilization, when pride in the increasing knowledge of the forces that maintain the Universe tends to weaken the Argument from Design, man can still be aware of God by penetrating into the depths of human consciousness. Beginning from this instinctive recognition of a transcendent Being, bringing the religions of Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism and the primitive religions of Africa and Australia into view, Christopher Dawson examines the sources of religious knowledge and the religious organs of society—prophet, priest and king—and considers the Divine Order in relation to the Order of Nature, the Social Order and the Spiritual Life.

The final chapter is devoted to the part which religion must play in re-shaping society. Christopher Dawson's conclusion is that, "The recovery of moral control and the return to spiritual order have now become the indispensable conditions of human survival."

PETER R. DONNELLY.

KAFKA

THE DIARIES OF FRANZ KAFKA

Volume 1, 1910-1913. Edited by Max Brod. *Secker and Warburg* 16*s*.

FRANZ KAFKA

AN INTERPRETATION OF HIS WORKS

By Herbert Tauber. *Secker and Warburg* 18*s*.

KAFKA'S Diaries, really Commonplace Books, contain aphorisms, fragments of stories, self-criticisms and descriptions of sights which impressed him, but no systematic record of his outer life, and one can read the whole of this volume without learning anything about Prague, his friends or his work, for which Dr. Brod's Biography remains indispensable. The external world interested him only in so far as he could use it for raw material, and the interior monologue is not strengthened and seasoned with history and gossip, as in Gide's Journals. The Diaries are most valuable in emphasizing Kafka's foreignness. He was a Jew, whose theology, folklore and æsthetic belonged to an oriental tradition; the attempts by critics to wrench his novels to the purposes of the West European intellectual have resulted in making them for many readers even more evasive, subtle and confusing than they are. The descriptions in the Diaries of the ritual and posture of the Jewish actors, the discussions of circumcision and Rabbinical Law, the rather suffocating Student atmosphere, the patriarchal attitude towards women, show the soil from which the novels grew, so that they no longer seem to have been spun thinly and inhumanly from the complexities of one man's sick mind. Apparently some erotic material has been excised by the Editor.

Herr Tauber's study of Kafka's works takes them in chronological order and interprets their significance persuasively. No one, certainly not Kafka himself, could reduce the chaos to logical order. Allegory, as Kafka uses it, is not a matter of straightforward substitution. His ambiguity is poetic, like Shakespeare's, and people who try to provide Shakespeare with a coherent philosophy come to grief. On the whole, Herr Tauber avoids the danger of tidying up too much. He helpfully disentangles many of the strands in Kafka's thought, and suggests convincing explanations for many of the symbols used. He provides a helpful piece of academic criticism, which will give many people a starting point, even if they come to disagree with his conclusions. Perhaps necessarily, his book is rather difficult to read, but the translation could be more helpful.

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ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By F. S. Smythe. *A. and C. Black Ltd.* 30*s.*

THIS book opens with a useful preface on the Rockies and an admirable chapter on mountain photography from which the present reviewer, who has been photographing mountains for forty years, picked up some new and valuable hints. Of particular interest are the frequent notes on the distinction between black-and-white photographs, in which composition is of paramount importance, and colour photographing where the first consideration must be colour.

Mr. Smythe's mountain photographs are uneven. His last book on Switzerland was spoiled by commonplace illustrations, but in this book he is at his best. Apart from one commonplace study of an icefall (page 56) there is hardly a photograph which one cannot linger over with pleasure. There are some enchanting studies of marmot and beavers, but the outstanding attraction of the book is the series of sixteen plates in colour. I know no better coloured mountain photographs.

The letterpress is very good, but I must register a protest against the misuse of "literally". "The man who climbs on the mountain literally takes his life in his hand." Metaphorically yes, but "literally" is not a convenient abbreviation for "I really mean what I say". I remember an article on the painter Segantini which ended "He literally died in harness"—neighing to the last, I suppose.

Very thrilling is Smythe's description of Mount Brussells which would seem to be that most unusual phenomenon a big mountain, not a mere needle, with no weak point.

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